

FIFTY CENTS

JULY 17, 1972

TIME



THE BATTLE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

McGovern's Young Legions Take on the Old Pros

Delegate
Kenneth Elstein

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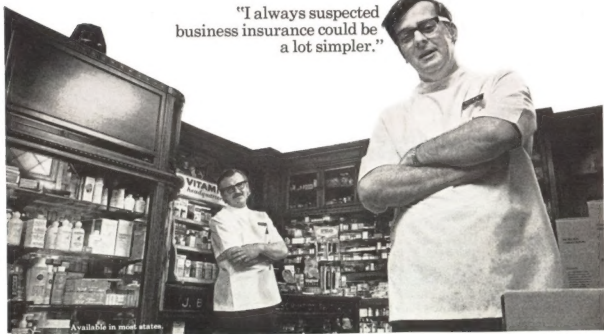
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

ONE of the most durable rivalries within journalism is between those who man typewriters and their colleagues who use cameras. The wordmen greatly outnumber the picture people, and on most publications the writers usually win the "friendly" competition for space. Though better known for its reportage and analysis than its photography, **TIME** in recent years has, we feel, significantly improved the play given to artwork. Last week our graphics staff received another boost: Picture Editor John Durniak won the National Press Photographers Association's Joseph A. Sprague Memorial Award. The citation said that Durniak's "early and continued influence on American photojournalism has helped create much of the interest that it has today."

After earning a master's degree in journalism at the University of Iowa, Durniak began his career as a photographer's assistant for LIFE. Later he mixed print and pictures during 16 years with *Popular Photography* and became the magazine's editor in chief. He joined **TIME** two years ago, and has journeyed from prison cells in Danbury, Conn., to auto plants in Detroit in pursuit of exciting photographs. "Human reach," he says, "is photography's reach. A camera is the unique, most dynamic extension of man. It can take him into veiled worlds and let him be an eyewitness to dangerous, inaccessible events. Our job is to select those pictures that have immediate impact, an impact that words alone sometimes cannot convey."

To that end, Durniak and his staff, including Arnold Drapkin and Mary Themo of Color Projects and Assistant Picture Editors Michele Stephenson and Deborah Pierce, review thousands of new photographs each week. They also have access to the 18 million items in the **TIME** Inc. picture collection. From this vast choice the editors select the 75 to 95 pictures we use each week.

Many of these are taken by the freelance photographers round the world with whom Durniak keeps in touch. Relying primarily on freelancers, he says, permits him to match the special expertise of photographers to specific assignments. For instance, he has chosen a dozen experienced political photographers to accompany him to the Democratic Convention this week. Among them are Ken Regan, who, in addition to photographing every major candidate this year, provided the color photography for this week's Essay on the Rolling Stones and this week's cover photo; Pulitzer prizewinner Eddie Adams; Yoichi Okamoto, President Johnson's White House photographer and Walter Bennett of our Washington Bureau, who has been capturing the capital on film for two decades.

In addition, the 16 staff members of the Nation section are in Miami this week observing the convention firsthand. Thanks to Durniak, they are all equipped with pocket cameras—in the unlikely event that words fail them.

Ralph P. Davidson

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This year, economics and the conditions of urban traffic will drive millions of Americans to the small car.

These American converts will discover, however, that most small cars, for all their virtues, can have two major problems of their own. First, lack of inside space. And second, compared to the 425-horsepower monsters Americans are used to driving, disappointing performance.

Which is why we thought you'd like to know about a small car that doesn't have those problems. The Fiat 128. One of the big reasons why in Europe, where they've been living with small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

You see, ever since we invented the small car in 1936, our engineers have been designing small cars so European families

who couldn't pay a big-car price could still have the roominess and performance they needed.

As for room, while the

Fiat 128 is shorter outside than a VW Beetle, it's bigger inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass and has a 13 cu. ft. trunk. In fact, 80% of the car's space is devoted to you and your luggage.

Space considerations aside, many small-car owners are reluctant about taking a corner fast or driving in a strong crosswind. That's why the Fiat 128 is built wider than the big-selling Japanese and German imports. And why it has standard radial tires (usually a \$100 option). All-independent suspension. And the same responsive rack-and-pinion steering usually found on Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars.

What if you're trying to pass a giant truck or merge into fast moving highway traffic? If you've got to accelerate from, say, 40 to 70 mph to do it, the Fiat 128's overhead cam engine gives you an

edge of more than six car lengths over America's favorite small car. And since stopping fast can be equally important, it has self-adjusting front disc brakes.

Lastly, there's another item that distinguishes the Fiat 128: front-wheel drive. This means superior handling and performance, because the wheels that move the car are also the wheels that turn the car. And because pulling is a more efficient way to move something than pushing.

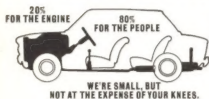
(It also means superior traction in ice and snow. In fact, for the last two years the Fiat 128 has won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

The Fiat 128 is available in 2-door, 4-door, and station wagon models. To appreciate just how good it is, you should know that in Europe, where each country is fiercely proud of the cars it makes, the Fiat 128 has won more international Car of the Year awards than any small car in car history.

Or any big car, too, for that matter.



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LETTERS

Fed Up with Ambiguities

Sir / Congratulations on your valiant attempt to penetrate some of the haze surrounding Senator McGovern's stand on various issues [June 26].

Senator McGovern had best realize that once he takes a stand on an issue, he had better stick to his guns. The American people are fed up with the ambiguities, inconsistencies and glittering generalities so prevalent in our political system.

On most issues, Senator McGovern has exhibited about as much stick-to-itiveness as Brand X denture adhesive.

RON THEIL
Williamsville, N.Y.

Sir / Your article on George McGovern had an overall tone of "Who does he think he is?" Are Americans so obsessed with maintaining material wealth and so fearful of changing social attitudes that they are afraid of this mild South Dakotan? My guess is that we are ready for a change. Wallace supporters would agree that Government needs a "shake-up" and needs to be made more responsive to the average citizen. We need a new new deal.

CHARLES ANGERMEYER
Minneapolis

Sir / For a good many years, I was in an economic situation in which Senator McGovern's "redistribute the wealth" policies would have been a blessing if not a bonanza. Now I have managed to climb slightly above his \$12,000 level, but it is hard for me to believe that any "wealth" he wants to redistribute.

DAVID L. TRAVIS
Glossboro, N.J.

Sir / You took five pages to tell what McGovern would mean to the country. I can do it in just one word: disaster.

GEORGE KLEPACZ
Brook Park, Ohio

Sir / Re "What McGovern Would Mean to the Country": I can only conclude that Senator McGovern intends to add the American taxpayer to the endangered-species list.

MICHAEL BURTON
Aspen, Colo.

Sir / I object to the bad habit that people have of calling anyone they don't understand a "radical." McGovern's programs are being labeled socialistic and radical. No one seems to remember that in 1932 F.D.R. was called a socialist and a radical, too; yet he was elected President for more terms than any man in American history.

The whole trouble with this country is that the people are so used to the President's acting like he was made of Bell Telephone wire, some scrap metal and a couple of TV tubes that they think it has to be this way. When a statesman like George McGovern comes along and shows some one-on-one interest and some honesty, the people don't know a good guy when they see one.

TOM WASELESKI
Elizabeth, Pa.

Sir / George McGovern's tax proposals may be very good in a number of ways, because they are designed to make taxes more equitable. It is a well-known fact, however, that colleges and universities, for example, cannot function on tuition alone. If, indeed, incomes above \$50,000 and inheritances were to be taxed as severely as McGovern suggests, who could actually afford to endow universities? Would financing have to

be turned over to the Government in this area also? Would this not necessitate converting to a system in which only select students may attend college? Is this equitable?

ELIZABETH JENSEN
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir / You say, "Clearly McGovern's interest in domestic affairs transcends his concern for world events." It would make a refreshing change to have a President who is concerned mainly with the U.S., rather than the internal affairs of other nations.

LINDA J. BUNGE
New York City

Idiot-Proof Photography

Sir / I do not question that Edwin Land [June 26] is a genius and that his new SX-70 will yield tremendous profits for both Polaroid and its stockholders. Unfortunately, however, this entire concept of rendering picture taking "idiot proof" desecrates the art of photography.

Idiot-proof photography eliminates virtually all the challenge and the opportunity for creativity.

JOHN E. TURNER
New York City

Sir / Dr. Land's "voiced thoughts" to Time's Philip Taubman transfer cold type into an essay on humanity every bit as enriching as the most beautiful photograph. Had Dr. Land chosen not to invest his genius in science, he would likely have emerged as one of mankind's finer philosophers and writers.

JOHN ACKELMIRE
Indianapolis

Sir / In your article on Edwin Land you say: "This year the company reached a longtime goal of employing one black in each ten jobs, about the same ratio as blacks in the total population."

I am sure that there are many who would award Polaroid a gold star for this. However, what would they award a professional football team that limited its black players to one out of ten?

GARDNER C. DUNCAN
Eagle Lake, Texas

Sir / Re Mr. Land's dilemma of what to call his new SX-70 Polaroid camera: I suggest it be called the One-Hand Land, since the whole idea of the camera is, presumably, its compactness and ease of operation.

BRICE KARP
Howard Beach, N.Y.

Sir / Since Edwin Land's SX-70 camera is capable of doing practically everything automatically, may I humbly suggest that it be named the OMNIMATIC-70?

DANTE N. ROSSO
Beverly, Mass.

Sir / I think Dr. Land should name Polaroid's new camera the Land Sakes.
(MRS.) M. ROSANN REESE
Glendale, Calif.

Reeling in the Police

Sir / The article about the destruction of John Conforti's house by agents searching for narcotics [June 26] was distressing but typical of a pattern in this country today. The forces of law-and-order have been granted the legal powers to search and wire-

tap homes for the purpose of eliminating crime.

When the men and organizations that were set up to protect us begin to turn on private citizens with such apparent vengeance, it is about time to throw out the hook and reel them in a bit. The original law-and-order movement has been corrupted.

JOHN HAYDEN TAYLOR
Springfield, Pa.

Sir / The outlandish wrecking of a man's home goes without retribution by the responsible authorities, then may I suggest that we uniform our industrious law-enforcement officers with swastikas rather than badges?

PAT L. JOHNSON
Moore, Okla.

Sir / What has been destroyed along with John Conforti's house is the myth that George Orwell's 1984 could never happen in this country. It has.

CRAIG A. STARKEY
Rancho Santa Fe, Calif.

A General Raked over Coals

Sir / In your article on General Lavelle's unauthorized air strikes over North Viet Nam [June 26], you state that Senator Proxmire's remark regarding civilian control over the military was right. You are correct, but incompetent direction of the military by politicians—in the case of Korea and Viet Nam, not to mention Pearl Harbor—is also wrong. Apparently it is easier to rake a general over the coals than a President and his hot-shot advisers.

JOHN W. JONES
Houston

Sir / Re General John Lavelle's private war: you can't be almost pregnant and you can't wage an almost war. I say viva to a

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LETTERS

man with guts! I wish I were a member of the Establishment so these words might mean something.

MAURICE V. MORALES
Los Angeles

Lost and Found

Sir / You are so right in stating that something remarkable has taken place in Rapid City, S. Dak. [June 26].

When I jumped from the second story of our floating rectory in my night clothing, I was given clothes by the Seventh-day Adventists. I was fed by the Mennonite Brethren. I was given shelter and a home under Catholic auspices. The Red Cross provided glasses and other immediate necessities. I lost everything that I had in the flood, but I have found a shining example of the essential brotherhood of man in the charity of Christ.

(THE REV.) LAWRENCE EDWARDS
Rapid City, S. Dak.

Mini-Tops or Squares

Sir / I suppose the mini-tops [June 26] are very cute and wearable as long as a girl does not measure more than 32 minus A, but what are the designers going to do for us females to whom nature has been more than generous? We can't wear the current styles, so that makes us "squares."

JO TANNER
Fern Park, Fla.

Sir / Eric Meola's pinup-size color closeups of the new fashions were obviously meant to titillate your male readers. Perhaps you assumed that your female readers, inured to such insulting exploitation, would ignore them; but as women's consciousness of their human dignity increases, fewer women readers will tolerate this sort of affront.

MS. MARY E. COLLINS
Milton, Mass.

Sir / Maybe now I can get my son to show a livelier interest in current affairs.

PERRY CARRIEL
Gastonia, N.C.

Loaves and Fishes

Sir / After reading your article on the biblical amusement park, Holyland [June 19], I could only wonder if the refreshment stands will offer all the loaves and fishes you can eat for 39¢.

CHARLES W. PEARCE
Allentown, Pa.

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Offer expires August 12, 1972.



THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Production Numbers

As the Democratic road show settled into Miami Beach for a week's run, the Administration managed a few deftly staged production numbers of its own, each designed for a special audience. For the nation's farmers, there was the news of a \$750 million grain sale to the Soviet Union. For the aerospace industry, there was a \$150 million export license granted to Boeing permitting the sale of ten 707 jets to China. For the oldsters, there was Richard Nixon's signature on a bill increasing Social Security benefits by 20%; he protested that its effects would be inflationary, but he put his name to it anyway.

Except for the Social Security bill, these developments are entirely consistent with established policies of the Nixon Administration, and could not be called political ploys. The exports to Moscow and Peking are a natural and widely welcomed outgrowth of presidential summitry. As Nixon relaxed last week in San Clemente, swimming and tanning up his suntan, he demonstrated once again the tremendous power of an incumbent President to shape events and influence opinion. That simple circumstance remains perhaps the most important fact of life for the presidential candidate emerging this week from Miami.

White House All-Stars

That tireless sports fan, Richard Milhous Nixon, has been at it again. Since he proved ineffective in dealing with football futures earlier this year this diagrammed play did not keep the Miami Dolphins from losing 24-3 to the Dallas Cowboys in the Super Bowl, he turned this time to baseball past. At the behest of an RKO General radio reporter, and later in a bylined article for the Associated Press, President Nixon elaborately documented his choices for an all-time, All-Star baseball team.

With help from another eminent baseball authority, Son-in-Law David Eisenhower, who compiled player statistics in 1970 for the then Washington Senators, the President picked two separate teams, pre- and post-World War II, for each league. He explained his choices in some 2,800 words that reflected both a sure grasp of sport clichés and his own brand of rhetoric. He repeatedly used the term "get the nod" and said of a choice: "I have always had enormous respect for him, not only

as a fine player but as a leader of men."

In general, the President's selections were obvious enough (Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio, Willie Mays and the like). They spread across a movie infantry-platoon ethnic spectrum. As New York Times Columnist Red Smith noted, Nixon "saluted young and old, white and black, Latin and Nordic, lefthander and righthander, Catholic and WASP, Jew and American Indian." No one would be offended, except perhaps a handful of Liechtensteiner and Tibetan diamond buffs.

Pound's Prize

Where does art end and morality begin? Or are they inseparable? That debate has gone on, to no satisfactory conclusion, since the days of the Greek theater. Lately it has focused most prominently on America's most prominent poet-in-exile, Ezra Pound. Now 86, Pound was indisputably a profound influence on 20th century poets, among them Yeats, Eliot and Frost. Yet he was also a thoroughgoing Fascist during the '30s and early '40s, pro-German and anti-Semitic, a broadcaster of propaganda for Mussolini. At the end of World War II, he was arrested by the American Army and incarcerated in a Washington insane asylum as mentally unfit to stand trial for treason. He was released in 1958. Last May, Pound was nominated for the \$2,000 Emerson-Thoreau Medal by the literary committee of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The nomination was rejected by a vote of the governing council. The academy president, Physics Professor Harvey Brooks of Harvard, wrote a confidential letter to certain members pointing out that many of their peers had suggested that memories of the war were still so sharp that they could not consider Pound suitable for an award with humanitarian overtones. The majority, said Brooks, "regarded the award as honoring a person for his whole life rather than for his literary accomplishment alone."

But other members disagreed, and at least three have resigned from the society. M.I.T. Biologist Jerome Y. Lettvin complained bitterly: "You decided not to award him because you disapproved of the man but not his poetry. I will have no part of it." Pound wrote in *Canto LXXXIII*:

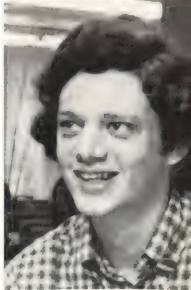
*The States have passed thru a
Dam'd supercilious era
Down, Derry-down!
Oh let an old man rest.*



NEBRASKA DELEGATE JOHN CASSIDY



WISCONSIN DELEGATE DONNA EDDY



NEW YORK DELEGATE THOMAS BERNSTEIN



GEORGIA DELEGATE SALLY PEIL



NEW YORK DELEGATE KENNETH ELSTEIN



LOUISIANA DELEGATE SUE SERE

POLITICS/COVER STORY

The Battle for the Democratic Party

HE got his start in politics passing out leaflets for John Kennedy. Four years later he worked to help re-elect Lyndon Johnson. In 1968 he was out on the streets for Robert Kennedy. In this campaign, George McGovern was his man. Working out of shabby walk-up headquarters, he and other McGovern amateurs canvassed Brooklyn's 13th District to saturation, blanketed the neighborhoods from Kings Highway to Coney Island with pamphlets and, on New York's primary day last month, swept into party power, defeating one of New York's more redoubtable Democratic bosses in the process. So this week Kenneth Elstein comes to Miami Beach to collect his delegate's badge and claim a green folding chair at the Democratic National Convention. He is 24 years old.

What is remarkable about Kenneth Elstein is how unremarkable his age was to be in the convention hall. In one of the most fascinatingly improbable assemblages in the history of American politics, the young are everywhere. One survey shows 23% of the delegates under 30 (v. only 2.6% in 1968), and McGovern estimates that nearly 500 of his are in that category. Elstein is thus a symbol of an astonishing new force in the Democratic Party: the young politicians come of age. It is a force that may save—or sunder—the Democrats. It may galvanize the election—or the defeat—of George McGovern. It contains the potential for a struggle that may make the issue at Miami Beach even larger than the selection of a candidate. What is at stake is the Democratic Party's future and its political soul.

The battle lines are clearly drawn. The McGovern young can argue with considerable justice that America's alienated youth were

invited to work within the system, and (BAM! POW! SPLAT!) they did. Armed with the reform rules that McGovern helped to formulate, the young legions this year shattered political assumptions and shut down party machines that had been grinding on for decades. Through New Hampshire's bitter months, through the endlessly tedious precinct caucuses and state conventions, they mimeographed and telephoned and

pounded door to door, living on peanut butter and jelly and spending their nights in sleeping bags on someone else's living-room floor. Their numbers grew with success; duty became dream became destiny: the impossible turned possible turned probable. Often with scant direction or help from the candidate himself, they built from the ground up the best political organization in the U.S. today.

The party's old guard does not deny that the new young pols beat them at their own game, but that does not keep them from resenting it—sometimes bitterly and unfairly. Said Rhode Island State Chairman Lawrence McGarry: "McGovern's got draft dodgers going to Miami." The list of party veterans and major officeholders who were shoved out of their delegate seats in Miami Beach reads like a who's who of the Democrats (see box, page 12). Said Delton Houtchens, the Missouri state

Democratic chairman who went to Miami Beach as a delegate-at-large: "I came through politics and worked my way up. We didn't do it overnight. These kids in Miami will be there for a lark, and that'll be the end of it." Beyond the anguish of power lost, however, many pros contend that they still know best what is good for the party and the country—and McGovern is not it. Or so it seemed to them before Miami. Later, with the campaign ahead and Nixon as the common enemy, some measure of party unity might become possible.

As the 35,000 delegates, alternates, newsmen and other observers descended on Miami Beach last week, the battle between insurgents and regulars was being fought furiously and appropriately on the issue of who would be the delegates from California and Illinois. All week long, the credentials question

McGOVERN AWAITING MIAMI





HUMPHREY ARRIVING IN MIAMI BEACH

In the midst of a fascinatingly improbable assemblage, a question of the party's political soul.



MUSKIE GREETING SUPPORTERS



KENNEDY IN WASHINGTON

caromed from one court to another, leaving McGovern's delegate count an open question. The crucial issue centered on the ownership of California's 271 delegates. McGovern captured all of them on June 6 according to the state's winner-take-all rule—a rule curiously at variance with the spirit of reform. In the Democratic Credentials Committee late last month, a stop-McGovern coalition led by Hubert Humphrey's agents pushed through an after-the-fact change in the rules, parceling out the California delegation proportionately—a move that threatened to cost McGovern 151 delegates and prevent his victory on the first ballot.

Early last week, a federal district court judge in Washington upheld the Credentials Committee not only on the California question but also on the issue of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's 58 uncommitted delegates—a bloc that had been successfully unseated by a McGovernite challenge charging that Daley had violated the reform guidelines. Then, two days later, the U.S. appeals court in Washington affirmed the judgment on the Daley delegation but ruled against the Credentials Committee on the question of California. With that, George McGovern's delegate count shot back up again to within a few votes of the 1,509 he needed for nomination. Expelling 151 McGovern delegates from California, said the court, was "inconsistent with fundamental principles of due process."

Not so, said the Supreme Court, called into conference to decide the case. In a 6-3 vote, the court granted a stay of the appeals court ruling, contending that the matter was for the convention to judge. That in effect sanctioned the proportional allotment of the California delegates that the Credentials Committee had voted, and McGovern's total strength coming into the convention dropped once again by 151 votes. Thus the issue would have to be fought out on the convention floor.

While all this was going on, the candidates were savoring the lull before the final battle. Humphrey retreated to his house in Waverly, Minn., where he puttered with his Model T Ford and insisted: "I'm the best man to beat Nixon." Muskie vacationed with his family at Kennebunk Beach in Maine, keeping in touch with his staff by telephone. Ed-

ward Kennedy watched events from Cape Cod, though there were hints he might come to Miami Beach to help the cause of party unity.

George Wallace, gaunt and subdued after almost eight weeks in the hospital with gunshot wounds, still paralyzed below the waist, made good his determination to get to Miami Beach and see

Who Is Not Voting in Miami Beach

MANY Democratic leaders who might otherwise have been assured delegate's chairs at the convention fetched up as casualties of the party's new reform rules and will be watching from the balconies or back rooms—or from their living rooms at home. A partial list of the unlikely losers who are not going as delegates to Miami Beach for the Democratic convention this year:

Boston's Mayor Kevin White; Harvard Political Science Professor Sam Beer, who helped the McGovern commission write the new rules; Massachusetts Congressman Thomas O'Neill; New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams; former New Jersey Governors Richard Hughes and Robert Meyner.

Former New York Governor Averell Harriman; former New York City Mayor Robert F. Wagner; former Pennsylvania State Chairman John R. Rice; Seattle Mayor Wes Uhlman; Florida State Treasurer Thomas O'Malley and Secretary of State Richard Stone.

Ohio Governor John Gilligan; former Ohio Governor Mike DiSalle; former astronaut John Glenn; Ohio State Chairman William A. LaVelle; former Ohio Senator Stephen Young; Ohio Congressmen Charles Vanik and Thomas Ludlow Ashley; Wisconsin Congressmen Henry Reuss and David Obey; longtime California Assembly Leader Jess Unruh; former Governor Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown.



DRAWING BY C. BARBOTTI. © 1972 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"Forty years in the Party doing the dirty work, and then some punk kid with a McGovern button walks in, says he's going to save the world, and suddenly Marge and I are calling off our trip to Miami!"

what ideological leverage he could apply with his 373 delegates. It has been for him a grim and courageous convalescence. After appearing at a Mass in Maryland and reading the 23rd Psalm, Wallace flew in an Air Force jet supplied by Richard Nixon to Montgomery, Ala., where, seated in his wheelchair behind a low, bulletproof lectern, he delivered an airport speech, a wan version of his old campaign rousers. Then he flew on to Miami. All the while, a stop-McGovern coalition led by Arkansas' Wilbur Mills continued its last-minute efforts. A small Washington group of strategists bent on heading off the South Dakotan included Humphrey Aide Stan Bregman, Muskie's Berli Bernhard, Wallace's Billy Joe Camp and the AFL-CIO's Al Barkan.

Acrimony. At his summer house in Maryland, McGovern tended his swimming pool and delegate arithmetic. At one point he paid a second courtesy call on George Wallace, presumably to feel out the Alabamian's intentions. Occasionally McGovern spoke apocalyptically of the consequences if his nomination were "literally stolen in a naked power play." He did not discount running as a third-party candidate. Said McGovern: "I don't think people have fully assessed how the party could destroy itself if the reform process is denied after all that has happened in American politics these past few years."

Many regulars, humbled by the McGovern young and suddenly astonished by their own impotence, already see ruin for the party. St. Louis Dentist Martin Greenberg, for four years the Democratic chairman of St. Louis County, found himself outnumbered by McGovernites in the spring caucuses and defeated for delegate. Last week he contemplated the prospect of a McGovern nomination and said dolefully: "Unless the party comes to its senses, it will destroy all of us. The acrimony and dissension will be suicidal. The disaster this fall will not only be felt on the national ticket but on statewide Democratic tickets as well."

Some anti-McGovernites regard the young insurgents as a wave of barbarians. After he was defeated for delegate in Montana, Jim Murry, an AFL-CIO official, mused angrily: "I'll be a son of a bitch! I'm only 37, and I've always been a liberal. And there I was being fought by the McGovern people, being made out as some kind of old conservative. Me, who has been called a Communist! Old! A conservative! Christ!" Some of McGovern's more abrasively doctrinaire followers persistently offended the party's regulars during state conventions this spring, demanding platform planks in favor of legalized marijuana, abortions on demand and homosexual marriage. Observed California Pollster Don Muchmore: "McGovern has got a great issue with alienation, but I wonder if he knows the cause. The people who are alienated are the ones who don't want pot, who don't

want abortion, who don't want to pay one more cent in taxes."

Above all, many regulars are seized by the simple dread that a McGovern nomination would mean a November defeat of Goldwater proportions, a debacle that might cost the party scores of state offices round the nation as well as control of the U.S. Congress. For one thing, some labor leaders, including AFL-CIO President George Meany, were hinting that they might remain neutral this fall if the choice is between McGovern and Nixon. Teamsters President Frank Fitzsimmons has been noticeably friendly to Nixon. Henry Hall Wilson, an old pro who was once Lawrence O'Brien's aide in the Kennedy White House, reflected recently on the McGovern phenomenon: "You know, the people are on a binge."

That is a matter of interpretation. It can also be observed that McGovern's legions of the young, the force that propelled him to Miami Beach with at least 1,400 delegates, are some of the soberest and most serious practitioners of politics in the U.S. today. Whether or not McGovern is the nominee, his aide Fred Dutton is probably right when he observes that with the 18-year-olds voting and the young elaborately schooled in the art of politics, "elections will never be the same. The shape of the ballpark has changed, and so have the rules of the game."

The McGovern forces rose, in part, out of the wreckage of the Eugene McCarthy movement in 1968. The next year, the Democrats' reform commission, originally chaired by McGovern, began its long, intricate task of overhauling the party's structure, changing the rules of delegate selection to open it to the poor, the young, to women, to blacks and other minorities. At the same time, the 26th Amendment abruptly enfranchised some 11 million Americans aged 18 to 21.

Mystique. McCarthy, obeying some inner music of his own, faded into what he liked to call his aecidia. But in George McGovern, the young activists found a willing repository for their ideals and ambitions. His opposition to the war was early and insistent. If he seemed somewhat colorless, that was all right; the movement was the thing, not necessarily the leader.

There was of course vast skepticism and discouragement in the early days. Says one McGovern worker: "If you were a 'realist' then, you decided that McGovern didn't have a chance; you went to work for Muskie." New Hampshire was crucial. From Yale and Harvard, from New York and Vermont, the young trekked to the state to ring doorbells and organize—500 of them each weekend for six weeks, 2,000 for the weekend before the March 7 primary. "Without question," says Edward O'Donnell, McGovern's national youth director, "it was those seven weekends that turned the campaign around. We really had to pull teeth to get those kids

up there." But enough of them came to enable McGovern's volunteers to canvass 200,000 in the state.

McGovern lost New Hampshire to Muskie—37.6% to 47.8%—but because he came so much closer than expected, his showing there may have been the key to all his later success. The volunteers started flowing in. Tim Boggs, 23, dropped out of the University of Wisconsin to work for \$50 a week as McGovern's state youth coordinator; he registered 13,000 students at the university in Madison, and 10,000 of them voted for McGovern in the Wisconsin primary. Larry Diamond, 21, president of the Stanford student body, provided 200 volunteers for McGovern for Northern California and got 5,000 Stanford students to the polls.

"This campaign has a soul of its



WALLACE READING PSALM
A matter of leverage.

own," says McGovern Campaign Manager Gary Hart, 34. "The volunteers don't want it to become just another political campaign. There is a mystique about it." Some fascinatingly complex psychologies were involved. Said Patrick Johnston, 25, a probation officer and delegate from California's Calaveras County: "What this nomination and election represents is a test of whether the liberal and the young are willing to win. There are a lot of people involved in the campaign who have a sort of suicidal urge to lose. The reason is that in losing you can prove you're right, be-



Elders & Yuppies March Together
An Oriental feeling.

cause in losing you never have to see your man compromise." A McGovern delegate from Georgia, Beatrice Smith, 32, disagreed. "People who see youth as monolithic are crazy," she said. "Number 1, they are pragmatic. They understand the need for compromise faster than some liberals." Observed Ed Rogoff, McGovern's 20-year-old New York campaign manager: "The people in the campaign this year are more proud of their professionalism than their morality."

Spadework. There is no doubt that the volunteers—young, nimble, dedicated—gave McGovern an enormous edge in both primary and nonprimary states. In primary states, McGovern headquarters swarmed with them, boys and girls in jeans and sneakers, cranking the mimeographs, telephoning voters. In the nonprimary states, the McGovern zealots had the advantage of understanding the new reform rules and how to use them. They organized early, often stunned the regulars by their success at precinct caucuses and state conventions. In Iowa, for example, McGovern's brilliant young aides Rick Stearns and Gene Pokorny crisscrossed the state in 1970 to establish an organization, starting with only a list of 15 people who had contributed to the McGovern campaign. By last January, 2,000 volunteers were working the state for McGovern. When the state caucus met, McGovern took 18 of Iowa's 46 delegates, the most of any candidate.

While Edmund Muskie organized the courthouses, Stearns' volunteers concentrated on the precincts. In Kansas, Stearns recruited college students; in one district, they started working simply with lists of members of the American Civil Liberties Union and the Uni-

tarian and Methodist Churches. They won 17 delegates. "No wonder the Democrats can't carry Kansas," says Stearns, a 27-year-old Rhodes scholar. "There's something wrong with a party organization if they can't prevent a delegate sweep by a bunch of college kids."

The party reforms worked well for McGovern. Moreover, the other candidates never competed effectively in the nonprimary states. Muskie's strategy was based on the assumption that he would have the nomination wrapped up after winning the Wisconsin primary. Humphrey entered the campaign too late to develop an adequate organization anywhere. But McGovern's principal asset was the willingness of his volunteers to do the exhausting spadework in state after state.

Kenneth Elstein in outlook and experience is in many ways typical of the young McGovernites. A high school math teacher, Elstein began his political experiment last October when he read a short item in the New York Times describing a professor's effort to put together a McGovern slate. Elstein volunteered. Strictly obeying the new party guidelines, Elstein and the other McGovernites held open caucuses to decide their slate, which included Elstein and seven others.

They dispatched squads of youngsters to sell McGovern buttons on the streets. "Those kids literally wouldn't let people go by without buying a button," says Elstein's wife Barbara, a systems analyst. "We raised \$500 that way." Elstein walked up and down the Coney Island boardwalk, interrupting the afternoon dozes of elderly Jewish voters in straw hats. "Hi," he said, extending his hand. "I'm Ken Elstein, and I'm running as a McGovern delegate." He stood for hours at Brooklyn El stations, bullhorn in hand. Comedian Sam Levenson, who lives in nearby Rockaway, was enlisted to tell his jokes at fund-raising parties.

Support. One difficult problem in the heavily Jewish district was persuading voters that McGovern was not, as rumored, opposed to aid for Israel. When the votes were counted, the McGovern slate had swept the district. Elstein running third with 23,591 votes. The top candidate of Brooklyn Democratic Leader Meade Esposito received only 11,890.

For all the McGovern delegates' reputation for intransigence, Elstein is no ideologue. "We want to win in November," he says. "All of our effort becomes useless if Nixon wins, so we've got to go to all possible sources of support—the labor unions, the regular organization." But he adds: "The thing

that really gets us is that when we were elected, the regulars all over the country say they should get to go to Miami because they've served the party all these years. That's the problem. They haven't served the party. They spend all their energies fighting us."

Like many McGovern workers, Elstein got into the campaign as a means not only of expressing himself against the war but also in hopes of revitalizing the political process. "Everything is rotting away, and we've got to do something about it," he says. "You have 200 million people in this country and an incredible sense among them that they don't really count, that they don't have any influence."

Service. Elstein was born in 1948—the year that Harry Truman, amid predictions of Democratic ruin, defeated Thomas E. Dewey. He hopes there will be parallels this year. The son of a retired high school history and economics teacher, Ken grew up politically aware, listening to dinner-table conversation in his parents' two-family house in the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn. He played stickball, batted an even .000 (no hits in 14 at-bats) in his first year in the Little League. In 1968 he graduated from Harpur College, part of the State University of New York at Binghamton, where he majored in mathematics. Partly to avoid the draft, he decided to become a teacher, working as a trainee in an all-black school in Bedford-Stuyvesant. Today he is on a leave of absence to work on his Ph.D., writing a doctoral thesis on algebraic topology, dealing with the property of geometric figures that, like rubber bands, do not change under bending or stretching. "What good is topology?" he says. "It's a pure field of learning. What good is Beethoven?"

His interest in politics is entirely practical. Recalling that his forebears emigrated from Poland, Elstein observes, "When they came in from Ellis Island, they needed jobs and homes. Often the first person to help them was the local Democratic politician. The party provided a bridge between the ordinary citizen and his government. But as time went by, the Democratic organization grew remote." In this analysis, the practitioners of the new politics are arguing in effect that the old politics really is not old enough, having lost the traditional function of service to people. Elstein believes that would change with McGovern.

Elstein's story is duplicated, with variations, in hundreds of other McGovern delegates and workers:

► Donna Eddy, 19, a black student at the University of Wisconsin, got her first taste of politics distributing Humphrey leaflets in 1968. Last September, she went to work for McGovern after she heard him address a local Young Democrats meeting. She began by writing letters and stuffing envelopes in the Milwaukee headquarters for the Wisconsin primary and soon found herself

devoting at least 40 hours a week to the task. After Wisconsin, she decided to let her studies slide and followed the McGovern campaign across the country, to Ohio, to California, to New York. "In California," she says, "I slept in a church a few nights and then stayed with a Republican family in Whittier. That really was a blast—being right there in Nixon's homeland." This week, she was to be on the convention floor as a Wisconsin delegate-at-large.

► Maryellen Fleming, 28, is a seven-year veteran of political causes, especially women's rights in Cincinnati, where she is an officer of the local chapter of the National Organization of Women. She was elected as an Ohio delegate in May. She takes the McGovern phenomenon calmly, seeing it neither as a vindication of "the system" or its last chance to accomplish good. "The system," she says, "will be around for a long time. It's a dynamic, always changing thing. What's happening now is that the McGovern people have made the changes in it."

► Keith Thompson, at 18 the youngest Ohio delegate, disagrees. "If the nomination is stolen," he said last week, "then it may be the last chance for the system." At the same time, Thompson, who has been working in Ohio campaigns ever since he watched the Chicago debacle on television four years ago, would not object to McGovern's drifting to the right in order to build a larger constituency. "We want to elect a President," he said. He has nothing but contempt for Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman and their codes of manic anarchy. "Their philosophy of 'Do It!' is laughable. They are hypocrites," Thompson is finding that politics and love can produce explosions. "I'm trying to convince my girl friend that she is really no less important than George McGovern," he said. "It's just a matter of priorities right now."

► Sally Peil, 22, is a West Georgia College senior who went to Miami Beach as a delegate. Like her merchant parents, Sally was an ardent Nixon supporter four years ago. "The other day," she says, "I told my mother I've never been so disappointed with anything in my life as Nixon. She almost cried. She thinks I'm turning into a Communist." Since she became a politician, she says, "I'm watching every news program on TV, reading the papers every day." One problem after her election, Sally notes, is that "you get a lot of junk mail. You know, like, Peabody for Vice President, and from the Sanford people, and, uh, is there a Mills running? Yes, from somebody named Mills."

Against the argument that McGovern could not possibly win in November, his men have insisted all along that besides an anti-Nixon restiveness in the land, the arithmetic of the new youth vote would be sufficient to carry him into the White House. Even before the convention, McGovern's strategists were planning a vast voter-registration

drive aimed at signing up 18 million of the 25 million first-time voters.

Assuming McGovern's nomination, McGovern aides aimed to deploy an army of 100,000 young volunteers on July 20 to start registering. This effort, Dutton believes, "is the real sleeper" in the presidential politics of 1972. This is the first year, he notes, that a Supreme Court ruling is in effect allowing registration until within 30 days of Election Day; in past years it had to be done much earlier and it was difficult to generate political interest six months or more before an election. By Dutton's hopeful forecast, McGovern would get 13 million of the new youth votes, to 5,000,000 for Nixon. Considering the fact that Nixon won by only 500,000 votes in 1968, the McGovern planners thought they were going to the convention with a plausible argument.

Tidal Change. But there is a dispute as to whether the youth vote would be so overwhelmingly enthusiastic for McGovern—or nearly as large as McGovern hopes. Psephologist Richard Scammon believes that the young will follow their parents' example, although he concedes that there is a verifiable tendency for the young to be more liberal than their elders by about 5% to 10%.

The proportion of registered voters among college students is much greater than among noncollege young, but it is of course dangerous for politicians to assume that "the young vote" is a college vote. About 70% of the potential new voters are noncollege. Richard Nixon's campaign workers are already busy courting the working young. Besides, for all the volatile possibilities of the youth vote, the average age of American voters is still 45—including 50 million people over 50, a group that tends to turn out in far greater numbers than those under 25.

Those looking forward to a McGovern election also had to deal with a

kind of repugnance factor in his case: even assuming that he got 13 million of the young, how many other voters—essentially workers and "ethnics"—would his policies on defense, welfare and redistribution of wealth scare off? So far, a TIME-Yankelovich survey indicates that many voters see McGovern as a mainstream candidate (see story, page 16). As the convention approached, some radicals were sneering at the idea of McGovern as a radical. Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman, for example, examined McGovern's ideas and found him "a wild-eyed moderate" whose proposals were only mildly reformist and, in the case of welfare, not very different from Richard Nixon's. Yet the question remained as to how many voters, including more conservative Democrats, would in due course perceive McGovern as a dangerous candidate and, in apprehension, pull their levers for Nixon.

Does the youth movement involve a vast tidal change in Democratic politics, a new direction for the party? Or is the McGovern phenomenon a brief eruption, a peculiar coincidence of a mobilizing issue—the war—and party reforms that the regulars simply did not understand in time? Historian James MacGregor Burns recalls the French youth who rioted in 1968 and then rather quickly fell into a cynical apathy. Says Burns: "You can't expect youth involvement indefinitely unless the system proves workable."

Fred Dutton, on the other hand, foresees an enduring role for the young, with new waves in 1976 and 1980. McGovern, he observes, is not the cause of it, is almost incidental to it. Involved are widely held beliefs, desires and hopes, a sense of the regeneration of the individual, a turning away from the traditional Democratic pattern of massive Government programs—even though McGovern himself favors a

PHOTO MURALS IN MIAMI BEACH CONVENTION CENTER ON EVE OF MEETING



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

THE NATION

number of such programs. Dutton argues that just as this wave is developing, Nixon is adopting Democratic Party precepts of the past. "The young are not preordained Democrats," Dutton argues, "but the Republicans are not doing much to grab them. Nixon is saving his own skin at the expense of the future of the Republican Party."

Eugene McCarthy understands the significance of what the young have become. "If we'd had the 18-year-olds in 1968," he says, "the outcome might have been different." Congressional Aide Mark Talisman thinks the young might become involved in an alliance with the elderly—a fascinating possibility, since the under 30 and over 50 total more than 88 million voters. Says he: "The kids are sympathetic to Social Security increases, health programs and so on. I sense an Oriental feeling—respect and sympathy for the very old."

In Miami Beach last week, there was a curious little drama that lent color to the theory. Although the residents there were initially horrified by the prospect of an Aquarian invasion, they have got to know one another, with the result that about 50 senior citizens joined the Yippies in a march from the Convention Center, and another 16 gave the Yips a key to the city. This week Guru Allen Ginsberg was to perform a mammoth marriage ceremony symbolizing the union of the young and old. Said Yippie Allen Katzman: "Many of these senior citizens are really hip. They've been fighting the IRS and Social Security and the health-care system longer than we have." The Yippies, of course, are very different from the young activists inside the hall, but their gestures toward the elderly were intriguing.

If McGovern is the nominee, he may find that his young followers have

higher and more doctrinaire expectations than any politician could sanely cope with. Political novices tend to forget that men seeking office traffic in promises that older, more cynical voters routinely expect will be ignored.

Whatever the future, the young, by their sheer numbers and in the galvanic example of the McGovern campaign, have profoundly altered the chemistry of American politics. Committed, surprisingly professional and potentially volatile, they are a huge, insistent presence in the Democratic Party, as irritating in the political family as a suddenly matured prodigy who has aggressive manners and uncomfortable ideas. To beat Nixon, the Democratic nominee must somehow bring the family intact through the battle of Miami Beach or, if that proves impossible, put it back together again before the real war is joined on Labor Day.

TIME Citizens Panel

How Voters Assess George McGovern v. Richard Nixon

The emergence of Senator George McGovern as the Democratic front runner has been so swift that only recently have voters begun to appraise him with any great degree of familiarity. This is reflected by the TIME Citizens Panel, a group of 205 Americans chosen from a scientifically selected cross section of voting-age citizens and interviewed by the attitude-survey firm of Daniel Yankelovich Inc.

NOT exactly a household word outside his native South Dakota and the U.S. Senate, McGovern at the outset of his campaign had to strive for the very basic accomplishment of making his name well and favorably known. That he has done in convincing fashion; the majority of panelists speak of him with the kind of open, easy freedom that indicates widespread recognition. Among Democratic panelists, the consensus is that McGovern is a likable, attractive candidate of indisputable stature. More important, panelists from both parties feel that he represents a broadly based constituency and not just a small radical minority. Most agree with Laura Kent, a writer-editor from Washington, D.C., who sees McGovern as "a man very much in the mainstream of American views." Despite charges that he is "the Goldwater of the left," only one panelist in ten considers McGovern a radical. The remainder are equally divided in describing him as either a liberal or a moderate/conservative.

That perception of McGovern is apparently based more on manner than matter; many panelists are uncertain about what precisely he stands for. Their differing views are revealed in the opinions of three groups of panelists:

PRO-McGOVERN DEMOCRATS. The Senator's strong stand on ending the Viet Nam War remains the most binding issue among his supporters. Surprisingly, however, half of McGovern's backers think that the Senator's own promised timetable for ending the war is impractical. Gerald Cooper, a Kenosha, Wis., schoolteacher, staunchly supports McGovern's antiwar position but says: "I don't know if he can end the war within 90 days. I'd like to see him try it, but I would give him a year."

McGovern's call for tax reform is favored by a solid majority of all panelists. The danger he faces on this issue is that of overpromising, for most of the panelists equate the closing of loopholes for the rich with a lowering of the taxes of the average wage earner. Of all the Senator's programs, his welfare reform plan causes the most confusion. Panelists want to see the welfare "mess" straightened out, but they are dubious about the implications of a program they do not

understand. "Some people need all the help they can get, but others are just freeloading," says Richard McDuffee, a chemical analyst from Little Rock, Ark. "If my tax dollars can help one family get what they really need, then I feel good, but there ought to be an option for those who want to work."

PRO-NIXON REPUBLICANS AND INDEPENDENTS. Three out of four Nixon supporters credit his trips to China and the Soviet Union as major, meaningful efforts to achieve peace. Most, like Janice Lehr, an Independent for Nixon, tend to feel that the President's decision to mine North Viet Nam harbors and increase the bombing "took a lot of courage and showed we couldn't be pushed around." Consistent with their approval of the President's foreign policies, pro-Nixon panelists strongly oppose McGovern's proposal to reduce defense spending by \$32 billion over three years. "In order to keep us a first-class nation," explains Harry Kaiser, a Flint, Mich., truck driver, "there's no way of cutting without affecting our status. Russia is already the No. 1 power."

Panelists who back Nixon tend to do so out of respect rather than affection. Says George Hunt, 87, a lifelong Republican from Madison, Wis.: "Nixon is a schemer, a quiet man who hasn't taken the public into his confidence completely. McGovern talks more freely, appealing to young people and frustrated people. But I've already decided who gets my vote: Nixon."

PRO-NIXON DEMOCRATS. Conservative Democrats will pose a crucial problem for McGovern if he becomes the party's nominee. Like their counterparts in the rival party, they tend to view his stands on the war and some domestic problems as extreme. They make their sharpest break with the Senator on Viet Nam, fearing a settlement that would amount to a defeat for the U.S. abandonment of the South Vietnamese or the sacrifice of American prisoners of war. They criticize his proposed cut in the defense budget as jeopardizing the nation's safety and reject his welfare reform program as an expensive giveaway to people who will not work.

These conservatives are more inclined to trust Nixon, a known quantity, than McGovern, whom they regard as a risky and untried leader. Says Mrs. Betty Brush, of San Jose, Calif.: "President Nixon has four years of experience. McGovern has not had any of consequence. I believe Nixon is just getting started; so why not let him finish? He's a good man." If the South Dakota Senator is to mount a serious challenge for the presidency, he will have to do a lot more to convince the party conservatives that now is the time for all good Democrats to come to the aid of their candidate.

REPUBLICANS

Holding the Phone

There is a new face behind the telephone on John Mitchell's old desk at the Washington offices of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Replacing Mitchell, who quit suddenly at the demand of Wife Martha, is Clark MacGregor, 50, an affable former Minnesota Congressman who for the past 19 months has been in charge of President Nixon's relations with the Hill.

The red-haired MacGregor is a Dartmouth graduate who made a name as a moderate Republican during his five terms in the House. He has long been a Nixon devotee. A friend since their early '60s days as members of "The Chowder and Marching Society," a Republican congressional social club, he advocated Nixon for a second presidential nomination as far back as 1965. The fact that it was Nixon who urged him to take on Hubert Humphrey in a hopeless fight for a Senate seat in 1970 has had no effect on MacGregor's enthusiasm.

MacGregor, in fact, is fond of quoting from a 1970 conversation with Nixon during which the President cited a need for a higher "E.Q."—enthusiasm quotient. At his initial press conference last week, MacGregor firmly stated his belief that the President should delay any active campaigning until after Congress adjourns next October. "The best politics for the President," he said, "is continued performance at the very high level of competence he has demonstrated in office."

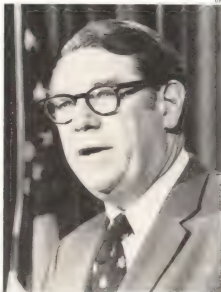
MacGregor later told TIME Correspondent Bonnie Angelo that he had noticed a "lack of urgency" among Republicans, and that he intends to "energize the troops. Mitchell's plans and programs are excellent. Now I need to move them into action." That may not be so easy. Said one Republican operative, somewhat unfairly: "We're supposed to leave campaign strategy to this guy, and he lost 2 to 1 in 1970?"

Out Front. For a time at least, MacGregor's job in fact will be something like superintending of nuts and bolts. The committee he has inherited already numbers 230 workers, broken down into a polling operation, advertising, nationality committees, direct mail and a section concerned with political organization. MacGregor also will be less of a back-room operator than Mitchell. He intends to be the chief political spokesman for the President. "I am going to be somewhat more out front than John was," he says. "I plan to have frequent press conferences and speak out. The President agrees that this would be a good role for me."

Despite Mitchell's sudden departure

from the committee leadership, it is clear that the former Attorney General is not out of the campaign. Says MacGregor: "Mitchell will spend some time each week physically in Washington, and the rest of the time he will be as close as the telephone." The Mitchells are planning to move to New York from Washington, but it is not yet clear when. A White House aide summed it up: "I think that Big John will be chairman of the board. I don't see him that much gone." But then who really runs the show? "Clark MacGregor," says MacGregor sharply. "I'll have the benefit of his advice, but the responsibility is mine." He is not, however, as close to Nixon as Mitchell is. As a top G.O.P. strategist puts it: "John has the ear of the President any time he wants it."

That new background role will fit Mitchell nicely. He enjoyed his steady, quiet routine at the Department of Jus-



CLARK MACGREGOR
Nuts, bolts and E.Q.

tice, and the long hours and pandemonium of the committee job were unwelcome. Says an intimate: "It was like walking in the door and having the whole building collapse around him." The pressures of the new job affected Martha as well. Mitchell was forced to spend much more time away from her, and friends trace her steadily increasing instability to his absences. Says a White House source: "He knew if he was going to save Martha, he had to get out." There were indications, in fact, that things were still not totally well in the Mitchell home. In a phone call made to her regular confidante Helen Thomas of U.P.I. after John's resignation, Martha reported that she was "still a political prisoner." Given her distaste for her husband's political contacts, it now looks as if at least some of the surreptitious telephoning in the Mitchell household will be done by John.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Mystery Mission

Secretary of State William Rogers and the man often mentioned as his possible successor were both on the road. Rogers visited Australia and moved on to South Korea and Indonesia, the Middle East, then wound up his tour in Eastern Europe. His aims were varied. In Yemen, he reopened diplomatic relations for the first time since the Six-Day War; in Greece he acted moderately chummy with the colonels and reaffirmed U.S.-Greek ties under NATO (the political opposition boycotted Rogers during the visit). In the case of John Connally, the Texas Democrat who resigned last May 16 as Treasury Secretary, the meaning of the mission was a good deal more elusive.

For the past five weeks, Connally has been popping up in remote foreign capitals with the persistence of a political Punch, shaking hands here, patting backs there, talking about the international monetary situation, and briefing all and sundry on the President's summit visits to Moscow and Peking. Nobody seemed quite sure why.

Although the President had specifically denied that Connally would "undertake a permanent Government assignment," speculation continued that he was being groomed for Secretary of State or Vice President—without any real evidence. In Latin America, there were warm talks with Argentine President Alejandro Agustín Lanusse and Peruvian dictator Juan Velasco Alvarado, but nothing concrete seemed to come out of the discussions. The inconclusive pattern continued in Australia and New Zealand. One Australian Minister called Connally a "high-powered Averell Harriman, only more impressive." Diplomats in Washington say he has proved to be a shrewd observer and called his mission a success as far as it went.

In India and Pakistan, Connally made a point of praising the "high statesmanship" of Indira Gandhi and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in their efforts to ease current strains, but there was no sign of a thaw in U.S.-India relations. From Pakistan, the magical mystery tourist flew on to a meeting with Pope Paul VI in Rome, then back to the U.S.

SKYJACKING

The Hard New Line

One of the most dismaying consequences of the spectacular manic act is that it breeds more mania. The current case in point is skyjacking, which has seemed to proceed this year at an almost exponential rate (*see box, next page*). Last week's dismaying tally: four major attempts, three within the U.S., all involving U.S. commercial aircraft.

► One hour out of Saigon, Nguyen



FATALLY WOUNDED PSA SKYJACKER AFTER SAN FRANCISCO GUNFIGHT
A shift in policy because some airlines are dogging it.

Thai-Binh, 24, a South Vietnamese returning home from studies at the University of Washington, took command of a Pan American 747 jumbojet and ordered the pilot to fly him to Hanoi. Thai-Binh's U.S. Government scholarship had been canceled at the Thieu regime's request, possibly because of Thai-Binh's antiwar activities. The pilot, Gene Vaughn, 53, flew into Saigon anyway, and Thai-Binh sent him a second order written in blood—apparently his own. It got him nowhere; he was shot dead by a vacationing American cop.

► In Buffalo, a local man, Charles Smith, 23, held his 18-month-old daughter hostage at knifepoint in an attempt to hijack an American Airlines 707 at Greater Buffalo International airport. He had previously stabbed his estranged wife and her boy friend, neither fatally, before FBI agents, relatives and ministers talked him into surrendering.

► Two Bulgarian refugees, Dimitr Alexiev and Michael Azmanoff, both 28, boarded a Pacific Southwest Airlines Boeing 737 in Sacramento. They demanded that \$800,000 be delivered to them at San Francisco International

airport and ordered the pilot to point a course for Siberia. The plane taxied to the isolated tip of Runway 19R, where it was finally stormed by FBI agents disguised as crewmen. The agents gunned down both hijackers, but during the shootout, one passenger, E.H. Stanley Carter, 66, of Montreal, was also killed and two others were wounded.

► Just 26 hours later, a Viet Nam veteran with a grudge against the Army for not permitting him to marry his Asian girl friend boarded another PSA plane in Oakland with his own quick-money scheme. Francis Goodell, 21, AWOL from Fort Riley, Kans., demanded \$455,000, a parachute and handcuffs from the airline. Airline officials managed to gather the funds and equipment at the San Diego airport. On the return trip to Oakland, Goodell was talked out of his adventure by his lone hostage, Captain Lloyd Turner of the California Highway Patrol.

PSA has been spectacularly vulnerable to skyjacks: four of its planes have been commandeered this year. In April, the airline was fined \$1,000 by the Federal Aviation Administration

for inadequate protective measures. While a few carriers such as Eastern, TWA and American are making serious attempts to maintain effective surveillance and deterrent devices, others are deliberately dogging it to try and force the Federal Government into picking up the tab for airline security (e.g., magnetometers, sky marshals, X-ray equipment). FAA officials and the pilots are becoming more fed up by the day. Said Captain Al Bonner, vice president of the Air Line Pilots Association, which recently called a 24-hour protest strike: "The public, we feel, should stand up with us by refusing to fly on airlines that continue to put economic gain before the security of their passengers. Safety costs money, and some are apparently not willing to spend it."

More inclined. Nor is the Federal Government willing to brook any more hijacking attempts. Presidential Assistant John Ehrlichman announced that the President had instructed FAA Administrator John Shaffer to order all commuter airlines to institute much more drastic passenger inspection procedures. Said Ehrlichman: "When someone is able to take a submachine gun aboard a plane you wonder about compliance with the inspection rules." The rules require magnetometers at the gate and a search by marshals of suspicious-looking passengers.

Shaffer sounded his own get-tough note. "There has been a definite shift in policy," he said. "We are not going to pre-empt the captains' command over their aircraft. But we will assess each situation—and we are going to respond, every time." That undoubtedly means that federal authorities are now more inclined to shoot a skyjacker than to let him go where he wants.

1972: A Chronicle of Flight, Capture and Death

Even before last week's outbreak of skyway savagery, so far this year 63 aircraft around the world, 35 of them in the U.S., had been the objects of hijacking, anonymous bomb threats or airport violence. The worst incidents:

Jan. 7: Allen Sims and Ida Robinson seized a Pacific Southwest airliner and ordered the pilot to fly to Cuba. The plane refueled at Los Angeles and at the Tampa, Fla., airport, which was shut down during the episode.

Jan. 20: Richard Charles LaPoint, 23, an ex-Army paratrooper, used a fake bomb to obtain \$50,000 and two parachutes from Hughes Airwest. He jumped to safety 80 miles northeast of Denver, but was later captured.

Jan. 27: Heinrich vonGeorgie, 45, an unemployed father of seven, used a fake bomb and a starter's pistol to extract \$200,000 from Mohawk Airlines. An FBI agent gunned down vonGeorgie as he and his stewardess hostage entered a getaway car in Purchase, N.Y.

April 9: Stanley Speck, 31, a Stanford graduate, boarded a PSA plane, claimed he had a pistol and a grenade, and demanded \$500,000 and four parachutes. He was tricked by the pilot into leaving the plane to pick up flight charts, and captured by the FBI and the airline president.

May 3: Four leftist Turkish guerrillas captured a Turkish Airlines flight out of Ankara and threatened to destroy

the plane with guns and grenades if three political prisoners were not released. The gunmen diverted the flight to Bulgaria, where they were granted asylum.

May 30: Three Japanese terrorists disembarked at the Tel Aviv airport and submachine-gunned the crowd. Two gunmen were killed and one was arrested after they had killed 27 and wounded more than 70.

June 2: Willie Roger Holder, 24, a Viet Nam veteran, and Catherine Mary Kerkow, 20, a student, seized a Western Airlines flight en route to Seattle. They collected \$500,000 in ransom money and flew to Algeria via New York (where Holder released 36 hostages). The Algerian government granted them asylum, but returned the money.

June 8: Seven men and three women (one of whom had a small child) took over a Czechoslovak airliner going to Prague. The pilot was accidentally killed in a cockpit melee when he refused to change course. All were arrested in West Germany; Czechoslovakia is seeking extradition.

June 24: Martin McNally, 28, an unemployed veteran, demanded \$502,200 at gunpoint on an American Airlines flight over Tulsa, Okla. He got the ransom money in St. Louis, as well as a fresh plane and pilot, and set off for Toronto. He parachuted to safety in an Indiana field, but lost the ransom, which was found by a farmer. Police arrested McNally at his Michigan home.

Variations on a basic Pinto.



Ford Pinto Wagon: Rugged 2,000cc engine, front disc brakes and over 60 cubic feet of cargo space. (VW Squareback and Vega Kammback have only about 50.) The picture shows the Squire Option, plus luggage rack, whitewall tires and bumper guards.



Fresh orange, anyone? Pinto's Sports Accent group has bright new color accents like orange or avocado, with matching interiors and vinyl roofs. And steel-belted radial-ply white sidewall tires for long mileage.



The Sunshine Pinto: Our new easy-opening, solid-closing sun roof comes at a remarkably low price. It's shown above on a stylish little 3-Door Runabout, with vinyl roof and luxury decor options.



Red, white and blue! The new Sprint Option includes this racy color scheme, inside and out. Plus dual racing mirrors and white sidewall tires.

Ford Pinto comes in a lot of different variations. But the basic theme is always the same: solid, sensible, and economical.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

Better idea for safety — buckle up!

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION 



UNITS OF SOUTH VIETNAMESE ARMY ADVANCING ALONG HIGHWAY 1 LAST WEEK INTO QUANG TRI PROVINCE

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

ARVN on the Offensive

SOUTH VIET NAM's Quang Tri province, which was overrun by North Vietnamese forces last April, became a symbol of ARVN's humiliating setback in the early days of the Communists' current Easter offensive. Last week, as forward elements of a South Vietnamese force of 20,000 men fought its way back into the provincial capital, there were signs that Quang Tri might also become a symbol of South Viet Nam's military resurgence.

From a political point of view, the South Vietnamese counteroffensive came none too soon. The possibility that Hanoi and Washington might somehow work out a settlement during the U.S. election year is a source of constant concern to South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu. His best protection against a disadvantageous cease-fire is a successful campaign that could change the military situation. Thus last month he ordered his generals to go on the offensive. The first response came in Military Region I, where his best troops are concentrated. Moreover, these forces are commanded by South Viet Nam's best general, Lieut. General Ngo Quang Truong, who took over the region in May after the defeat at Quang Tri.

Initially, the aim of Truong's thrust appeared to be the relatively conservative one of securing the districts of Trieu Phong and Hai Lang to the east and south of Quang Tri city. Thieu himself implied as much when he told reporters a week earlier that the recapture of the city was a matter of little concern at the moment. Last week, South Vietnamese troops moved closer and closer to the provincial capital. It is possible that Thieu was trying to throw the North

Vietnamese off guard with his earlier statement. But it is also conceivable that the South Vietnamese, surprised by the initial weakness of the Communist resistance, changed their minds in mid-offensive and launched an all-out effort to recapture Quang Tri city, the only provincial capital lost to the Communists in the Easter offensive.

As they advanced along Highway 1, Truong's forces found horrible evidence of the disastrous routing of the ARVN 3rd Division in April. The remains of three separate South Vietnamese convoys that were ambushed and brutally destroyed lay rusting and rotting along the highway; even the military equipment was still in place beside the shriveled corpses of ARVN soldiers and the unfortunate civilians who had hitched a ride in the military vehicles. The area, reported TIME Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand, was "hauntingly quiet except for the occasional report of artillery in the distance. It was like stumbling on the site of a burned-out massacred wagon train left in a remote Wyoming valley."

Resistance. The North Vietnamese still have plenty of firepower in the area. Soon after the ARVN drive on Quang Tri city began, the Communists began shelling the former imperial capital of Hue, 30 miles south, with rockets, mortars and artillery, damaging the string of South Vietnamese fire bases that form a defense line southwest of Hue.

The shelling underscored the greatest risk inherent in the South Vietnamese push into Quang Tri: the possibility that the Communists might outflank General Truong's forces and at long last mount their often predicted attack on Hue. So far there is no certainty that

such an attack is coming. The city's defense is primarily in the hands of a single ARVN division, the 1st, which would be hard pressed if the enemy tried a flanking movement that culminated in a sudden jab at Hue. South Vietnamese commanders seemed confident that a Communist attack on Hue could be kept in check by U.S. bombing.

At week's end, the South Vietnamese task force at Quang Tri was inching its way forward, with the help of U.S. air strikes, toward the center of Quang Tri city. One such strike, Hillenbrand reported, transformed a thickly wooded enemy bunker position into a cluster of burnt-out tree stumps, "as if some triple-strength forest fire had passed that way." If past performance is any guide, the North Vietnamese will probably put up a mettlesome resistance before withdrawing—and the NVA still has plenty of long-range artillery in the hills to the west of the city. Nonetheless, even though the battle for the provincial capital has just begun, the counteroffensive has already done wonders for the national morale.





XUAN THUY



WILLIAM PORTER

DIPLOMACY

Toward a New International Balance

Almost a year has passed since Henry Kissinger's dramatic visit to Peking, but surprise diplomacy still seems to be in vogue. The unexpected news that North and South Korea were at the brink of amity after 27 years of vituperation was nearly as stunning in its own way as last summer's sudden thaw in U.S.-Chinese relations.

Korea, moreover, was only one of several prickly situations that seemed to be yielding to a kind of gathering spirit of conciliation. India's Indira Gandhi and Pakistan's Zulfikar Ali Bhutto met in the Himalayan foothills to talk over their deeply entrenched differences. The Viet Nam negotiations, which the U.S. angrily broke off two months ago, will resume this week when both U.S. Ambassador William Porter and North Viet Nam Chief Negotiator Xuan Thuy return to the Paris peace table, amid fresh speculation that both China and the Soviet Union have been pressing Hanoi to settle the war. Even the expected denunciations of American "imperialism" that Fidel Castro voiced in Moscow last week as he ended a ten-day visit to the Soviet Union seemed more ritual than rage. The suspicion persists that a U.S.-Cuban reconciliation is not out of the question—especially in light of a recent remark by Castro that "there is no such thing as a permanent enemy."

The fading of tensions along some of the fault lines dividing the old bipolar world does not necessarily mean that Richard Nixon's generation of peace is at hand. It is too easily forgotten now that a lively era of negotiations—centering around, among other things, the Big Four summit in Geneva, the Bandung Conference, the Repack Plan for reduction of forces in

Europe—flourished after the Korean armistice during the 1950s, only to disappear in a renewal of the cold war.

Even so, events forcefully suggest that post-Viet Nam diplomacy may yet add up to a facsimile of the 1815 Congress of Vienna, at which the European powers arranged a self-imposed peace that lasted, with only sporadic and localized interruptions, for nearly 100 years.

Game. It is a cliché by now that the U.S. has its own Metetrich in Henry Kissinger, and that the makings of a 19th-century-style balance of power are present in that five-sided world—the U.S., Western Europe, Japan, the Soviet Union and China—that so fascinates President Nixon. But the world is much more complex than it was when Europe's aristocratic diplomats invented "the game of nations" 200 years ago. The five "powers" are by no means equally balanced, equally willing or able to play the game. Example: the dueling between West Germany's Willy Brandt and France's Georges Pompidou over the leadership of the Common Market (see story, page 25).

Alastair Buchan, Professor of International Relations at Oxford, plausibly argued in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs* that what is evolving is not really a classic balance of power but merely a "balance of prudence"—a situation in which the major powers, particularly the U.S. and the Soviet Union, have simply decided, for various reasons and for the moment only, to respect each other's interests. The trouble with that sort of balance is that it can be upset by any one of the partners at any time. The hope is that a blowup in the Middle East, say, or at some other pressure point will not come along to support the doubters' case that there is, at bottom, little more to Nixon's pentagonal world than what Woodrow Wilson—no fan of balance-of-power politics—once called an "unstable equilibrium of competitive interests."

KOREA

A Message to All Who Will Listen

One sunny morning two months ago, a black sedan arrived at the "truce village" of Panmunjom on the boundary between South and North Korea. Its passengers included Hu Rak Lee, 48, director of South Korea's powerful Central Intelligence Agency, an aide and two bodyguards. At Panmunjom, Lee and his party transferred to a North Korean car, crossed the border and drove to the nearby village of Kaesong. There they boarded a helicopter for Pyongyang, the North Korean capital. Lee was the first high-ranking South Korean official to visit Pyongyang since the armistice ending the fighting of the Korean War was signed in 1953. His secret trip paved the way for the most important event in Korea since then: an agreement by the two Koreas to work for reunification by peaceful means.

Last week South and North Korea disclosed simultaneously that the two governments had signed a seven-point agreement whose ultimate goal was nothing less than reunification of the country after 27 years. Among its specific points: a promise to refrain from armed provocation and propaganda defamation of each other, an arrangement to conduct various exchanges of personnel and equipment, and an agreement to install a hot line between the two capitals. Said Hu Rak Lee: "We have entered a new era of dialogue."

The agreement had been foreshadowed by a recent series of preliminary talks between Red Cross representatives of the two countries to deal with the problem of reuniting families separated by the armistice line. In reality, both "Red Cross" delegations contained members with wide experience in foreign affairs and security matters. The progress of the Red Cross negotiations,

GREEN NEWS AGENCY



NORTH KOREA'S KIM IL SONG
Better than a battlefield.

which will formally begin later this year with a precise agenda, led to Lee's visit to Pyongyang, where he talked with Premier Kim Il Sung and Kim's younger brother and their apparent, Politburo Member Kim Yong Ju. When he arrived back in Panmunjom from his historic journey, Lee subsequently confessed, "I felt dizzy." Three weeks later Kim sent his second Vice Premier, Pak Sung Chul, to Seoul for secret talks with South Korean officials.

The seven-point agreement flabbergasted Koreans on both sides of the truce line, if only because of the depth of the enmity that has separated the two countries. The North Korean invasion of the South in 1950 led to a war that lasted three years and took an estimated 1,000,000 lives (including those of more than 50,000 Americans). As recently as three years ago, a 31-man suicide squad from the North had attempted to assassinate South Korea's President Chung Hee Park.

Accommodation. But both governments have been afraid that a big-power directorate would once again settle their problems over their heads. North Korea's Kim Il Sung has been concerned that his country might one day turn into a battlefield of a Sino-Soviet war. South Korean President Park, in the wake of President Nixon's trip to Peking, evidently decided that, instead of waiting for the withdrawal of the 43,000 U.S. troops still stationed on South Korean soil, it would be better to start talking with Pyongyang while the Americans are still there.

Like Nixon's Peking visit, the Seoul-Pyongyang agreement represented a further dissolution of the legacy of the cold war. As a senior State Department official put it, "The significance of this event goes far beyond Korea. It's a message to all who will listen that if the superpowers can rearrange their relationships, then so can the smaller powers. There's plenty of room for accommodation around the world."

SOUTH ASIA

Victory for Sanity

In the Himalayan hill station of Simla, where the plans were laid for the new nation of Pakistan to be carved out of British India 25 years ago, Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and Pakistan President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto pledged last week to "put an end to the conflict and confrontation" that have embroiled the two nations in four wars.* In a document worked out by aides during five days of negotiations, the two leaders agreed to consider the restoration of diplomatic relations and communications, suspended since last December's 13-day war, and to resume air links and overflights of each other's territory. Though in the divided state officially known as Jammu and Kashmir, both countries will continue to observe the cease-fire line declared Dec. 17, elsewhere they will withdraw their forces to their prewar common border.

Prior to the Simla summit, Bhutto had described Mrs. Gandhi (in an interview with Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci) as "a mediocre woman of mediocre intelligence." Returning home from the meeting to Islamabad, he praised Mrs. Gandhi as "an extremely reasonable leader who looks to the future" and described the agreement as "not my victory and not a victory for India. It is a victory for sanity, principles and justice. Nobody has won and none has lost," he added.

Good-Will. Bhutto called the National Assembly into special session this week to ratify the agreement, and the Indian Parliament is expected to do the same. The accord, which Mrs. Gandhi called "just the beginning" of a better relationship, also won warm praise in India, despite charges by the right-wing Jana Sangh Party that it was a "sellout."

Even though Mrs. Gandhi held most of the bargaining cards and Bhutto had engaged in some pre-summit bluster at home, both leaders arrived at Simla in a conciliatory mood, apparently anxious to take steps that would avoid more bloodshed on the subcontinent. They agreed that the ongoing negotiations (Mrs. Gandhi has been invited to Pakistan in September) would be bilateral. Neither side has been entirely happy in the past when one or the other of the big powers mediated their disputes. Moreover, the December war, which resulted in the birth of an independent Bangladesh, unalterably changed the balance of power on the subcontinent.

India, which captured the most territory in December, made a major concession in agreeing to return some 5,100 sq. mi. of Pakistani territory—all except a few strategic salients in Kashmir. Despite this good-will offering, India

failed to win any firm concessions from Bhutto on the Kashmir question, which has so long poisoned relations between the countries. Pakistan maintains that the future of the predominantly Moslem state (pop. 4,600,000) should be determined in a plebiscite. India, which holds that Jammu and Kashmir's accession to India in 1947 is legal and final, wants to have the cease-fire line recognized as the international boundary.

Also left unresolved was the issue of the 91,634 Pakistani military and civilian prisoners of war still in Indian hands. Most of the prisoners surrendered to a joint India-Bangladesh command and cannot be returned without negotiations involving Bangladesh. So far, Bhutto has refused to recognize the new Bengali state (until its secession, the province of East Pakistan), although

1. FALLACI/INTER PRESS



MRS. GANDHI & BHUTTO AT SIMLA
An end to confrontation.

he has announced plans to meet with Prime Minister Sheikh Mujibur Rahman later this month.

The P.O.W. issue is potentially explosive. Mujib has said that some prisoners, including the former East Pakistan commander, General Amir Abdullah Niazi, will be tried on war-crimes charges. The trials are adamantly opposed by Pakistan "and would take us to the point of no return," said Bhutto last week. Pakistanis warn that such trials could set off reprisals against the 400,000 Bengalis who are still living and working in Pakistan.

One solution to the problem would be for Pakistan itself to try the men, and Bhutto has suggested that he might be willing to do so. Another would be for Bangladesh to dispense with the trials in exchange for repatriation of the Bengalis who live in Pakistan, many of them civil servants who are sorely needed to run governmental and industrial machinery at home.



SOUTH KOREA'S CHUNG HEE PARK
Better to start talking now.

JAPAN

Oriental Populist

For years, Japan's political establishment has stamped out national leaders almost as uniformly as Japanese industry turns out transistors. The country's first ten postwar Premiers all reached power in their 60s or 70s, and most were equipped with identical attributes: samurai ancestries, diplomas from Tokyo University, decades of self-effacing service in government bureaucracies. Last week the mold was shattered when the Japanese Diet in a special session elected International Trade and Industry Minister Kakuei Tanaka, 54, the country's eleventh Premier since 1945. A muscular, self-made millionaire (construction, real estate) who has only a grade-school education, Tanaka takes charge of the world's third strongest economy with no reluctance whatsoever in promising "powerful leadership to fit a new era."

Tanaka's accession to power may well mark the end of the reserved and cautious style of national stewardship epitomized by his predecessor, Eisaku Sato, 71. The new Premier's election automatically followed his victory in a hard-fought struggle for leadership of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party, whose popularity had eroded in the later years of Sato's 71-year regime. Sato favored Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda, 67, for party president and Premier, and the L.D.P.'s brusque rejection of



TANAKA AFTER WINNING PARTY ELECTION

his protégé at a convention in downtown Tokyo's big Hibiya Hall last week was the final *shokku*. Sato nearly wept as Fukuda was trounced by the upstart millionaire, 282 to 190, in a second-ballot runoff.

The vote reflected not so much Tanaka's popularity as consternation in the party ranks over the Liberal Democrats' sagging fortunes under Sato. The retiring Premier had hoped that his final years in office would vindicate the policies he and his predecessors had followed for more than two decades. Those policies were based upon total dependence on U.S. leadership in foreign affairs and total devotion to the buildup of Japanese industry at home.

Sato's ambitions were partly dashed last summer, when the Nixon Administration sprang its new economic moves and diplomatic overtures to China on an unprepared Japan. The rest of his hopes faded more gradually, as the Japanese grew increasingly unhappy with the overcrowding, high prices and pollution that they had to endure as the price of their country's economic success.

To Japan's man in the street, Kakuei Tanaka offers an appealing change in style. He is, in fact, a new kind of Japanese politician: a straight-talking, Oriental populist. Almost everything about the man has voter appeal, from his hoarse baritone to his bumper-sticker name (which literally means "Sharp Prosperity Amid Paddies"). Tanaka was born in a rice-belt village, in Niigata

Premier Tanaka: A New Pitcher

IN explaining what his leadership would mean for Japan, Premier Kakuei Tanaka resorted to some Nixon-like rhetoric. "It's a change of pitchers, not a change of the team," he told TIME Correspondent Herman Nickel. In a 90-minute interview, the new pitcher discussed some of the issues that will be the immediate concern of his team.

CHINA: Since 1949, Japan has followed U.S. policy in withholding recognition, despite strong pro-Chinese agitation from the opposition parties. But since the Peking summit, the government painfully has had to reassess its position. "It is necessary for China and Japan to re-establish diplomatic relations. That is quite natural in view of the ties of 2,000 years of history between the two countries. Since the official entry of China into the United Nations, efforts are being pursued to normalize relations. As for Japan's relations with Taiwan, there is not only a treaty, but geographically and historically we have fairly deep relations. Since President Nixon's visit to China, U.S.-Chinese relations have become closer. I believe the problem can be solved in a reasonable manner in consultations with the U.S."

RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.: Despite Nixon's *shokkus*, Tanaka insists that "the basic stance of our foreign policy is to deepen U.S.-Japanese relations. It goes without saying that this is the most important and vital thing. It's a relationship that has developed over the past quarter-century, and our people have come to take it for granted, like water and air. But there is a necessity for people to reflect on the necessity of air and water."

JAPAN'S TRADE IMBALANCE: This is clearly a principal irritant to the U.S., which received \$7.26 billion in Japanese

goods last year, while exporting only \$4.05 billion to Japan. "I am prepared to expend all my efforts to solve this problem. One of the major reasons for it was the recession Japan went through last year." This, along with a revaluation of the yen, slowed G.N.P. growth from an average 10% a year to 4.7% in 1971. "We favor a greater effort to export American goods, not only to Japan but elsewhere. There is an old samurai saying that a warrior is disdainful of boasting about his prowess and hence is a poor advertiser of his own merits. But nowadays even an economic giant must advertise to sell."

IMPROVING THE QUALITY OF JAPANESE LIFE: "From now on we want to increase national income by 7% a year—but no longer by concentration on an 'exports first' policy. Our emphasis from now on will be on the environment, on housing, education, public health, old people's homes, on urban renewal and on the improvement of our transportation system. With such measures we feel we can increase G.N.P. without accentuating problems [primarily trade imbalance] with other countries and at the same time improve the life of our people."

JAPAN'S INFLUENCE: Japan is now the world's third biggest economic power, but its "self-defense forces" are modest (259,000 men). Will Japan opt to increase them? "As far as Japan is concerned, militarily it has only enough forces to defend itself." On the other hand, "Japan is ready to cooperate in sharing the burden the U.S. has been carrying in the economic area. That is why we were able to reach agreement on a monetary settlement in Washington at the end of last year. We committed ourselves to raise government development aid [to underdeveloped countries] to 72% of the G.N.P. by the end of the '70s. That is the equivalent of building up a second Japanese self-defense force."

THE WORLD

prefecture, the son of a horse trader who had a financially fatal weakness for gambling. At 16, young Tanaka quit school and lit out for Tokyo, where for three years he ran errands for a contractor by day and studied the construction business by night. Tanaka's budding business career was briefly sidetracked when the Imperial Army drafted him and sent him to Manchuria. But he contracted pneumonia and was discharged a month before Pearl Harbor—in time to organize a small contracting firm and ride the wartime construction boom to prosperity.

Throaty Style. In 1947 the young contractor (he was then 28) entered Japan's second postwar election and won the first of his ten successive terms in the Diet. He began to command national attention at 39, when he was named Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, his first Cabinet job. Soon after his appointment, he consented during a radio interview to demonstrate his throaty singing style by crooning a ballad in praise of gambling, which is outlawed in Japan. The party's old guard gasped, the newspapers dubbed Tanaka "Minister Without IQ," but the performance drew high ratings from the general public.

Liberal Democrat elders soon found that they could not do without Tanaka's proven talents as a vote getter. As secretary-general of the party during the 1969 elections, Tanaka masterminded the campaign that won the L.D.P. 300 of the 491 seats in the lower house of the Diet. At times, however, Tanaka has been an embarrassment to his party. Even after he took on Cabinet-level responsibilities, Tanaka continued to pursue his wide-ranging building and real estate interests. Though most Japanese politicians retain their business interests, Tanaka has been accused of not always keeping separate his public and private sectors. In 1966 he was forced to step down as party secretary-general because of charges that he was associated with questionable land-speculation deals. Tanaka was never indicted or convicted, but rumors of alleged monetary irregularities have continued to plague him.

As Tanaka tells it, he is "a born peasant." It is true, as his daughter Makiko insists, that stray dogs are the only other creatures up and about in Tokyo's fashionable Meiji neighborhood each day at 5:30 when Tanaka arises. Still, there is nothing humble about his house: a 24-room mansion surrounded by gardens and the putting green on which Tanaka tries to improve his 18-handicap golf. No other politician in Tokyo has anything to compare with Tanaka's spread, but he protests that he needs the space. "A politician," he says, "is like a machine designed to meet as many people as possible."

Every morning, before he sits down to his regular 8:30 breakfast (bean-paste soup, rice, a raw egg and seaweed), he sees as many as 300 businessmen,

politicians and other assorted petitioners. They gather in the public wing of his house and wait to be ushered in for brief audiences with Tanaka. The new Premier's 19-hour days do not permit much leisure; aside from golf, his chief pastime nowadays is the art of calligraphy. He rarely socializes at night, preferring to spend his evenings with his handsome wife Hanako. When he married her at 24, she was already 31. "As I worked hard day and night and Sundays and holidays," Tanaka explained in his autobiography, "I needed a woman like her, not a younger one, for my wife. Since then she has been the finance minister and the keeper of the safe in my household. This has worked well and we both have been very happy."

How will the new Premier deal with the problems that proved so troublesome for his predecessor? The emphasis on consensus in Japan's politics probably rules out radical departures. Moreover, for all of his talk of action (see box, page 24), Tanaka has no record as an innovator, even though he was one of the first Japanese politicians to recognize the country's environmental problems. He is on record with a proposal to disperse Japan's highly concentrated industries and redistribute the population among new villages and towns. Each would be surrounded by green belts and linked by 5,400 miles of new bullet-train railway lines and 6,000 miles of superexpressways.

Nevertheless, Tanaka, like his predecessors, is a proponent of continued economic growth. He is also an ambitious novice in diplomacy whose vague thoughts on foreign policy are couched in uncertain clichés. It remains to be seen whether the new Premier will become as deft at geopolitics as he has been with real estate.

EUROPE

Resigned to Reality

"We need boldness, more boldness and always boldness." So said West German Chancellor Willy Brandt in Bonn last week as he toasted his distinguished French guest. By invoking the words of French Revolutionary Leader Georges Jacques Danton, Brandt hoped to nudge Georges Pompidou toward a breakthrough in the stalemated process of creating a larger and more unified European Economic Community. The French President was hesitant. "I am tempted to remain faithful to my fellow countryman, even though he came to a bad end," he replied, alluding to the fact that Danton was guillotined by rival revolutionaries during the Reign of Terror in 1794. But, added Pompidou, "we need not only boldness but also a sense of reality. One does not work without the other."

On that cautious note began two days of consultation between Western Europe's most influential leaders. The

central issue of the talks was whether—and on what grounds—Pompidou would agree to the first summit meeting of the expanded Common Market, which is tentatively scheduled for late October in Paris. The West Germans and the other members urgently want the summit so that their leaders can chart a joint course on many of the key issues facing the EEC, which will be enlarged from six nations to ten in January. Among those questions are future steps toward closer economic union, and such political matters as the strengthening of the community's supranational agencies and Europe's relations with the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

Pompidou remained adamant that Paris would permit the summit to take place only if it concentrated on ques-

JOHANNES



BRANDT & POMPIDOU IN BONN
Cautious consultations.

tions of monetary and economic union. "We must first be united on the monetary issue," he told Brandt. After the Common Market has created a common currency zone, Pompidou implied, he might then be willing to consider the prospect of granting larger powers to the European Parliament and taking steps toward increased political cohesion within the ten. Thus even if the summit does take place on schedule, its agenda will exclude the wider economic and political issues that Brandt and the other leaders seek to discuss.

Actually, there was a good reason why Pompidou would not budge from his position on the summit, and why Brandt could not change the French President's mind. Both men were forced to caution and inaction by political problems at home. Even as he talked with Brandt, Pompidou had made up his mind to sack Premier Jacques Cha-

THE WORLD

ban-Delmas, replacing him with Old Gaullist Pierre Messmer. Brandt, in turn, had in his pocket an angry five-page letter of resignation from the man who until recently had been the star of his Cabinet. Karl Schiller, the super-Minister who held both the Finance and Economics portfolios.

WEST GERMANY

Unhooking the Locomotive

The sudden resignation of Karl Schiller could hardly have come at a worse time for Willy Brandt. Since his parliamentary majority has evaporated, he is committed to holding new federal elections in November. Schiller's departure is likely to hurt Brandt's chances of again defeating the powerful Christian Democrats and their Bavarian allies, the Christian Social Union, since he is losing what Germans call an "election locomotive." The slim and still boyish professor, who rescued the West German economy from its 1967 recession, pulled in the votes in the last federal election, which gave the Social Democrats their upset victory in 1969. Once in office, Schiller helped calm the fears of West German businessmen about Brandt's Socialist regime by his nonideological approach toward economic issues, notably taxes.

But even election locomotives can get untracked, and in recent months Schiller has lost some of his popular appeal. He has been unable to halt the country's worrisome inflation, which is now running at an annual rate of more than 5%. He has irritated fellow Cabinet Ministers by imperiously demanding cuts in their budgets and antagonized the rank and file of the Social Democratic Party, who have long suspected Schiller of being too probusiness in his thinking. More important, he

clashed with Brandt on the question of monetary policy; when other European countries began imposing financial controls to halt the inflow of unwanted, inflation-breeding dollars, Schiller refused to erect any sort of barrier against the free flow of capital into West Germany. Two weeks ago, at a showdown Cabinet session, Brandt sided with German Central Bank President Karl Klasen, who proposed a set of mild—and so far ineffectual—controls on capital movement. These were immediately enacted over Schiller's protest.

Sensitive and vain, Schiller withdrew to his Bonn apartment, where he composed his letter of resignation; it was kept secret to avoid embarrassing Brandt during the Pompidou visit. At week's end, however, Brandt called a press conference to accept publicly Schiller's resignation. Insisted Brandt: "The change in office does not mean a change in policy."

To fill the two vacancies left by Schiller's departure, Brandt switched Helmut Schmidt from the Defense Ministry to take over the Economics and Finance portfolios. Schmidt, whose youthful good looks help him to outdraw even Brandt in voter-preference polls, is a leading member of the party's right wing. With elections ahead, Brandt wanted to be certain that West German voters realized that Schiller's abrupt exodus did not mean a leftward swing by the Social Democrats away from the recent middle-of-the-road policies that helped bring them to power.

FRANCE

Coup de Pompidou

No sooner had Georges Pompidou returned from his European summit discussions in Bonn last week than France's President, with rather less ceremony than is customary, accepted the resignation of Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas. In fact, the suave, sporty Chaban, 57, whose "new society" programs have given the Gaullist government a liberal cast, was fired, apparently because he did not fit into presidential strategy for next March's parliamentary elections. The man who does: Pierre Messmer, 56, an orthodox Gaullist who served as Defense Minister under Charles de Gaulle.

Chaban's ouster had been rumored for months, but the actual timing came as a *coup de tonnerre* (thunderbolt). Not even the Cabinet was forewarned, although over lunch at the Elysée Palace two weeks before Pompidou had told Chaban of his decision. Pompidou even provided Chaban with the proper script. Last week, after a routine Cabinet meeting, the Premier rose to speak: "You have expressed the desire to change the government, *Monsieur le Président*, and I have the honor of presenting my resignation." With a word of thanks in passing, Pompidou noted that his ad-



PREMIER MESSMER BEFORE APPOINTMENT
Impeccable credentials.

ministration faced a new phase, requiring it to sprint toward the coming elections "a little like one does at the end of a race." Four hours later he named Messmer as his new Premier.

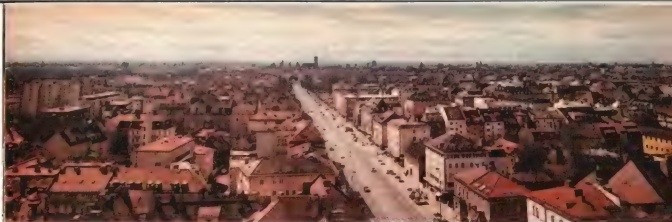
In so doing, Pompidou rid himself of an ambitious potential rival. Chaban's programs to redistribute family allowances, increase the minimum wage and reduce military service from 16 to twelve months had won him a dangerously independent following, which conservative Gaullists did not like one bit. As the daily *France Soir* put it last week, Chaban found himself in the ironic position of "having succeeded in his job and gained favor among a majority of Frenchmen, yet at the same time having become politically fragile." In recent months, the Premier had come under fire for his seemingly casual attitude toward several instances of corruption in the government. Chaban's personal credibility was weakened by published evidence that he had taken advantage of loopholes that allowed him to avoid paying any income tax for three consecutive years (TIME, Feb. 28).

While all of these factors no doubt played a role in Pompidou's move, the impetus for Chaban's dismissal was the formation two weeks ago of a new coalition of Communists and Socialists. The combined platform of the French left, the first real cooperation of the two parties in 35 years, clearly represents a major challenge to Pompidou's coalition in the forthcoming elections. It calls for the dismantling of the *force de frappe* (France's nuclear force), minimum wage increases, and nationalization of the country's largest industrial groups, including such multinational giants as ITT and Honeywell-Bull.

Pompidou's popularity in France, moreover, has fallen markedly since his masterly handling of the monetary crisis last December. He confidently expected to follow up his Azores triumph with a European summit in Paris that would establish him as *primus inter*

EX-MINISTER SCHILLER





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The tire at the bottom of the opposite page is driving over cold steel drill bits. And that Goodyear Custom Power Cushion Polysteel tire sustained 960 stabs from the drill bits without loss of air.



Read these candid comments by witnesses in the Los Angeles parking lot where this demonstration was filmed to appear on television:

"I've always wondered whether these commercials were really for real. And it's nice to be able to know it is for real, and it's a remarkable, incredible test of a tire's endurance."

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What makes this tire so incredibly tough? Two belts of steel cord to resist impact and penetration in the tread area. And just so you won't feel as though you're riding on steel, a flexible polyester cord body to soak up the shocks.

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It's got the same type of steering system as the Ferrari 512 racing car, the same trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV and just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

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†East Coast P.O.E. \$9,500 Mercedes-Benz 280SE. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen.

pores within the new Europe of Ten. Yet his April referendum, on whether Britain should be accepted into the enlarged EEC, flopped badly.

Pompidou's choice of the curt, decisive and efficient Messmer to succeed Chaban will mean a shift to the right by his government, which could further polarize the French electorate. But Messmer's appointment also rallies the orthodox faithful of Pompidou's U.D.R. (Union of Democrats for the Republic), since his credentials as a Gaullist are impeccable. An Alsatian, he joined the Free French in 1940 by hijacking a freighter and diverting it to Gibraltar. In 1958 De Gaulle brought Messmer into his Cabinet as Defense Minister; in that sensitive post, he succeeded during the final months of the Algerian war in reorganizing the French officer corps following the abortive "generals' coup." During the last months of De Gaulle's life, Messmer was one of the few politicians to be received at the general's residence at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises.

POLAND

Death in Katyn Forest

Millions of Poles were killed by the Nazis during World War II, and every night, candles burn in memorial along the streets of Warsaw. But the most shocking atrocity of all—the murder of at least 4,500 Polish army officers in the Katyn Forest near the Russian city of Smolensk in 1940—is the one that Poles are forbidden to commemorate. Reason: the Soviets have long been suspected of doing the shooting.

The Russians have persistently claimed that the Germans were responsible. Last week, in accord with the British practice of making official records public after 30 years, a secret report from Britain's wartime ambassador to Poland was released by the Foreign Office. It establishes, almost beyond doubt, that the Russians, who in 1940 were allied to the Germans, carried out the Katyn massacre. Based on what he called "a considerable body of circumstantial evidence," Owen O'Malley (now Sir Owen) wrote Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden in 1943: "Most of us are convinced that a large number of Polish officers were indeed murdered by the Russian authorities."

The officers, captured by Russian troops when they invaded Poland in September 1939, were shipped to prison camps in the Soviet Union. But why were they killed? No one knows for certain, though it has been suggested that the Russians sought to eliminate a military elite that they feared would block their postwar designs on Poland. Whatever the reason for the Katyn massacre, the wartime report on how the men died makes chilling reading.

"If a man struggled," wrote O'Malley, "it seems that the executioner threw

his coat over his head, tying it round his head and leading him hooded to the pit's edge, for in many cases a body was found to be thus hooded and the coat to have been pierced by a bullet where it covered the base of the skull." When all were dead, the grave was filled in, and shrubs planted over it.

Other documents released by the Foreign Office last week indicate that British officials said nothing about the atrocity to the Russians for fear of disrupting Allied unity. As O'Malley sadly put it, in a message seen only by Winston Churchill's Cabinet and King George VI: "We have, in fact, perforce used the good name of England to cover up the massacre."

BRITAIN

... Horseman, Pass By

Britain's *grande dame* of arsenic-and-old-lace thrillers, Agatha Christie, 81, was very upset. So was her husband, Sir Max Mallowan, who wondered aloud to reporters "if this fellow read her book and learned anything from it."

The book was *The Pale Horse*, a vintage Christie whodunit (1961) in which the villain plots to kill some factory workers with thallium, a tasteless, soluble and highly toxic substance that had never before been used on humans as a poison in Britain. The "fellow" was Graham Frederick Young, 24, who did precisely what Dame Agatha predicted could be done. Last month he was sentenced to life imprisonment for murdering two of his fellow workers at a small photographic-equipment factory in Bovington, Hertfordshire, by dosing their tea and coffee with thallium.

Last year, Young had been hired by the factory as an assistant to the storekeeper, Robert Egle, 60, who died mysteriously eleven weeks later. The autopsy revealed nothing, but meanwhile, workers at the plant were troubled by a strange "bug" that caused vomiting, temporary paralysis, hallucinations and loss of hair.

In November, a second employee died, also of causes unknown. The next day a special meeting of the workers was called to discuss whether the deaths and ailments were the result of industrial pollution. Young spoke up, amazing his colleagues with his detailed knowledge of toxins and medical terms.

The suspicious owner of the plant alerted local police and, in due course, Young's shabby digs in Hertfordshire were searched. There police found "enough thallium to keep a pharmacy in business for an entire month." Phial

and bottles of the stuff, along with containers of other poisons, stood in neat rows on his windowsill. As it turned out, Young was such a master of poisons that he knew exactly what dosage to administer to each of his victims in order to slow their dying and disguise the cause. He even kept a diary detailing his "experiments" on workmates, in which each was identified by a letter in the alphabet. A typical entry: "J—I regard him as a friend so it's out of the question." Later, J got poison in his tea anyway.

While the plot might have been cribbed from Agatha Christie, the main character seems to have sprung straight out of a Charles Addams cartoon. At the age of 14 Young was sentenced to 15 years in the maximum-security Broadmoor mental hospital for having attempted to poison a classmate, his father and his sister. His stepmother died shortly after his confinement. Young admitted during the trial last month that she was the first person he had poisoned with thallium.

Young was released from Broadmoor last year despite evidence that he seems to have conducted certain inter-

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS—PICTORIAL



CHRISTIE WHODUNIT
Doing it by the book.



GRAHAM YOUNG

esting pharmacological "experiments" there. He was once caught growing deadly nightshade, and also taught fellow inmates how to get an easy high on tea by running carbon monoxide from a gasoline burner through it with a hose.

His release by Broadmoor officials, who thought him cured, has caused an uproar in Britain, where the policy toward mental patients with records of violence has generally been quite liberal. Home Secretary Reginald Maudling has ordered a special inquiry into why Young was set free.

Young's father, meanwhile, has shown no sympathy for his son. Still suffering from liver ailments inflicted on him by antimony poisoning, he told reporters last week: "How can anyone have sympathy for him? I want nothing more to do with him. He should never have been released."

PEOPLE

"I rage. I melt. I burn." In these smoldering terms, **Germaine Greer**, the muliebral but mildly misogynist priestess of Women's Lib, announced in London's *Sunday Times* that she had fallen in love with an unidentified male. Elaborating on her feelings, she continued: "I also simper and maunder. I am no better than an imbecile. I have collapsed into gaping idiocy. Give me excess of it, that the appetite may sicken and so die. I am treacherous to my own sex."

In Rome, 2,000 happy hairdressers gathered for an audience with **Pope Paul VI** heard kind words for their profession and their patron saint, the 17th-century Peruvian mulatto **St. Martin de Porres**, who had once been apprenticed to a barber. St. Martin, said the Pope, was "an example to imitate, an encouragement to bring to your profession willingness and helpfulness." Hairdressing, concluded the Pope, offers "abundant opportunities to help many people recognize the goodness of God."

Looking the very model of modern motherhood, Actress **Catherine Deneuve**, 28, posed with her new daughter **Chiara**, whose father is Actor **Marcello Mastroianni** and whose older brother is Christian, whose father is

DENEUVE & DAUGHTER CHIARA



SOPHIA LOREN'S SON CARLO PONTI JR. LEARNING HOW TO STAY AFLOAT



Movie Director **Roger Vadim**. Miss Deneuve never married either Vadim or Mastroianni, but she once was wed (from 1965 to 1970) to British Photographer **David Bailey**, so she invited Bailey to take the first photographs.

When **Richard Burton** arrived at Wimbledon, he was escorting a young brunette, and **Elizabeth Taylor** was nowhere in sight. "This," Burton beamed to curious reporters, "is my daughter Kate. I wanted her to see Wimbledon. Elizabeth, unfortunately, is working." Kate, whose mother is the actor's first wife, **Sybil**, had her own opinion of the Wimbledon tennis tournament. "It's smashing," she said.

Consumer Crusader **Ralph Nader** arrived in Australia and told an airport press conference that he was here to check on, among other things, "the threatened extinction of kangaroos." This puzzled some Australians, since they kill a surplus of some 2,000,000 large kangaroos a year, and officials say none of these species is in any danger. Actually, Nader's basic project was a more familiar one: he was giving a series of lectures to raise money for the consumer cause, and in his talks he criticized Australian auto safety as five years behind U.S. standards. To this, Prime Minister **William McMahon** responded with a harrumph: "He's a paid pot stirrer."

At 31, **Carlo Ponti Jr.** (alias Cipi) already speaks a combination of Italian, English and German, but he doesn't have too many friends. So his mother **Sophia Loren** hired a pair of swimming instructors and invited the gardener's children, the chauffeur's children and various neighbors for some lessons in the pool at the Ponti villa outside Rome. Cipi didn't much like the water—it got in his eyes and ears



BURTON & DAUGHTER KATE
"It's smashing."

—and at one point he called out to his mother, "*Ich liebe dich*, but can I come raus?" The result of a week's garden parties: Cipi not only has new friends but he can also float.

Who owns the echoing words of **Charles de Gaulle**? For years Reporter **André Passeron** of Paris' *Le Monde* trailed the general, copying down speeches, comments, even jokes. Published in two fat volumes, the results pleased De Gaulle so much that he mastered his dislike for journalists long enough to receive Passeron for 45 minutes. After De Gaulle's death in 1970, Passeron issued another volume containing 85 pages of quotations, including some that had become politically embarrassing. The book irked De Gaulle's son Philippe and daughter Elisabeth so much that they brought suit, insisting that his utterances, however public, were private property. A French court agreed that Passeron had quoted too much and written too little himself. It confiscated the book and fined Passeron and his publisher \$10,000.

Oh, say, **Francis Scott Key** could not possibly have seen the American flag waving over Fort McHenry on that day in 1814 when he wrote *The Star-Spangled Banner*. According to Librarian P. William Filby of the Maryland Historical Society, it was raining and it would have taken a gale to move the heavy banner. "What Key probably saw was a flag wrapped soggy around a pole." Concludes Filby: "Key didn't come running ashore crying 'Chaps, I've just produced the national anthem.'" He fitted his new poem to the tune of an English drinking song because he had used the same tune nine years earlier, a piece that expressed a now familiar vision: "By the light of the star-spangled flag of our nation."

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1969

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Willow Springs, 3/23, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Holtville, 4/13, 1st Place, D. Deverdorf
Marlboro, 4/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Stuttgart, 4/20, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Cumberland, 5/17, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Watkins Glen, 5/19, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Lake Arrow, 8/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Salt Lake, Labor Day, 1st Place, L. Mueller
San Marcos, Labor Day, 1st Place, T. Waugh
Bryar, Labor Day, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Gateway, 9/21, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Pocono, 10/11, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, National Champ, L. Mueller

1970

Pocono, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Wentzville, 5/25, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Riverside, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Barker
Wentzville, 7/4, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Olathe, 7/19, 1st Place, J. Speck

Pittsburgh, 8/2, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, 8/2, 1st Place, H. Le Vasseur
Watkins Glen, 8/16, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Lake Arrow, 8/16, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Green Valley, 10/22, 1st Place, J. Speck
Road Atlanta, National Champ, J. Kelly

1971

Riverside, 2/14, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Dallas, 2/14, 1st Place, J. Ray
Phoenix, 2/27, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Arkansas, 2/27, 1st Place, J. Ray
Willow, 3/14, 1st Place, M. Meyer
Stuttgart, 4/18, 1st Place, J. Ray
Summit Pl., 4/18, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Arkansas, 4/27, 1st Place, J. Kelly
San Marcos, 5/2, 1st Place, R. Knowlton

Bridgehampton, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Cumberland, 5/16, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Lime Rock, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Cajon, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Speck
Portland, 6/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Thompson, 6/13, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Laguna, 6/20, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Ponca City, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Speck
Bryar, 9/5, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Portland, 9/12, 1st Place, M. Meyer

1972

Arizona, 2/27, 1st Place, D. Brown
Dallas, 2/27, 1st Place, J. Speck
Holtville, 3/11, 1st Place, D. Brown
Aloe Field, 4/16, 1st Place, J. Speck
Alamo, 4/30, 1st Place, J. Ray
Michigan, 5/14, 1st Place, K. Cullery
Nelson Ledges, 5/21, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Lime Rock, 5/28, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Road Atlanta, 5/27, 1st Place, G. Ovellette
Riverside, 5/29, 1st Place, D. Brown
Thompson, 6/11, 1st Place, K. Slagle



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Freud and Death

It was Sept. 21, 1939. Taking the hand of the physician at his bedside, Sigmund Freud said, "My dear Schur, you certainly remember our first talk. You promised me then not to forsake me when my time comes. Now it is nothing but torture and makes no sense any more." Schur reassured his patient that he had not forgotten. "When he was again in agony, I gave him a hypodermic of two centigrams of morphine. He soon felt relief and fell into a peaceful sleep. I repeated this dose after about twelve hours. He lapsed into a coma and did not wake up again."

Thus the death of the founder of psychoanalysis is recalled by his physician Max Schur in a new book, *Freud: Living and Dying* (International Universities Press: \$20), completed just before Schur's own death in 1969. Addressed to both laymen and professionals, the book is at the same time a portrait of Freud's last 16 years, when he was waging a losing battle with cancer, and a study of his views on death as they developed throughout his life.

Freud was a man unusually preoccupied with death. His concern stemmed partly from the painful heart attacks he suffered when he was still in his 30s. The ailment, never definitively diagnosed, was the cause of continuing anxiety. Indeed, Psychoanalyst Ernest Jones, Freud's most authoritative biographer, thought that the symptoms themselves were due to "anxiety hysteria," while Schur believed that Freud may actually have had a coronary thrombosis. Freud was also profoundly affected by the deaths in his own family, beginning with that of his brother Julius when Freud was only 19 months old. When his daughter Sophie died, he spoke of "the monstrous fact of children dying before their parents." On the death of Sophie's son at the age of four, he mourned: "Everything has lost its meaning for me."

Oedipal Conflict. Yet to Freud, a father's death was always "the most important event, the most poignant loss, of a man's life." His own father died when Freud was 40. The complexity of his grief was related to his work at that period: just after his father's last illness, Freud became aware of the Oedipal conflict and the "ambivalence in man's relationship to beloved and revered parents."

Today, thanks to Freud, most people may not be overly shocked when they find themselves harboring occasional death wishes toward their parents. But to Freud the idea was new and guilt-laden. It accounted in part for his obsession with his own death, for he believed that the fear of death is usually the result of guilt feelings. At the same time, it was this kind of theorizing

—the treatment of death not as an inner, emotional preoccupation but as an external, scientific problem—that helped him to master his anxiety.

Freud believed that "it is impossible to imagine our own death," and that "this may even be the secret of heroism." He also attributed the birth of religion to "illusions projected outward" by those who were living in the face of death. According to Freud, the ambivalence that men still feel at the death of someone close must have been experienced by primitive man. "It was beside the dead body of someone he loved," wrote Freud, "that he invented spirits, and his sense of guilt at his satisfaction, mingled with his sorrow, turned these newborn spirits into evil demons that had to be dreaded. His persisting memory of the dead became the basis for assuming other forms of existence and gave him the conception of life continuing after apparent death."

Perhaps the best known of Freud's theories about death is the concept of a death instinct, which he formulated in 1920. Freud was certain that "the aim of all life is death." But he also believed that the death wish was balanced by Eros, a loving, positive drive that seeks to preserve life. "Could it be," Schur asks, "that uncovering a 'death instinct' permitted Freud to live with the reality of death?"

If so, the theory of the death instinct must have been especially helpful to Freud after the spring of 1923. On April 25 of that year, he wrote Jones: "I detected two months ago a leucoplasic growth on my jaw and palate which I had removed on the 20th. I was assured of the benignity of the matter. My own diagnosis had been epithelioma—or cancer. He was right. In all, there were to be 33 operations on his mouth, most done with anesthetics that did not entirely eliminate pain; in one case, the usually stoic Freud interrupted his surgeon, Hans Pichler, with the words, 'I cannot take any more.' In 1926, 'a typical' year with no major surgical procedures, just the unceasing attempt to achieve a bare minimum of comfort," Schur reports, there were 48 office visits to Pichler, one biopsy, two cauterizations of new lesions, and continual experiments to improve three different prostheses.

These devices replaced tissues removed in Freud's mutilating operations. His once eloquent speech was impaired, and he wrote to a colleague, "My way of eating does not permit any unlook-

ers." The close fit of the prostheses produced sores and pain, relieved only by aspirin and locally applied analgesics. Freud was opposed to drugs that might cloud his mind.

His ability "to love, to give, to feel stayed with him to the end," and his creativity endured; in his last years he wrote some of his most significant papers, most of them not noticeably influenced by his illness. An exception was *Civilization and Its Discontents*. Its tone is profoundly pessimistic, reflecting, Schur says, Freud's suffering, "which was draining his resources" and "depleting his capacity to enjoy life." Schur's belief is reinforced by a letter of Freud's admitting that "since I myself no longer have much vital energy, the whole world seems to me doomed to destruction." That feeling never tempted Freud to turn to God. On the contrary, a paper written in 1932 reaffirmed his dis-



SIGMUND FREUD AT WORK AT 82
"The aim of life is death."

belief in religion and his faith in science because it "takes account of our dependence on the real, external world." Still very much a part of that world, Freud saw patients in London until a few weeks before he died at 83.

For anyone who suffered as Freud did, Schur observes, the wish to die was bound to be "in a precarious balance" with the wish to live. When the Nazis entered Vienna and prospects for the Freud family to escape appeared dim, his daughter Anna asked whether it might not be better to kill themselves. Freud's reply: "Why? Because they would like us to?" Eventually the longing to end the struggle became uppermost, but Schur did not see that as defeat. His book ends with words that Freud himself had written many years earlier: "Toward the person who has died we adopt a special attitude: something like admiration for someone who has accomplished a very difficult task."

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Leak, Scoop and Rescoop

The Manhattan office of U.S. Attorney Whitney North Seymour Jr. hummed last week with the noises that prosecutors and crime reporters love to hear: Seymour announced three indictments in his continuing investigation of corruption in the enforcement—or non-enforcement—of narcotics laws. Then why was Seymour so unhappy? Because the suspects accused so far are minor figures (a junior detective, a bail bondsman's investigator, a lawyer). Far more important fish had slipped away, he charged, because of holes ripped in his net by the New York Times and Daily

exploits to be told—when the time was right—by LIFE. Last March one of Seymour's men got in touch with the magazine and offered to arrange for interviews with Leuci, provided the story be withheld until the investigation was completed. LIFE in turn agreed to allow Seymour to check the article for legal implications, such as information that might violate defendants' rights. Otherwise, he was given no editorial say. "It was an unusual thing to do," Seymour admits, "but then everything about this investigation was unusual."

Meanwhile, Burnham and his *Daily News* competitor, William Federici, were sniffing out the story independently. At one point Seymour offered to fill in Burnham on an off-the-record basis, but the reporter declined and went on to gather the details on his own. In a later conversation, Seymour made what he now calls a "serious mistake": he informed Burnham of the arrangement with LIFE. "We really treated him like a brother," Seymour told TIME Correspondent James Willwerth. "We considered him one of the good guys out to help reform this problem." Trying to protect Leuci, Seymour pleaded with Burnham: "You'll have him killed." But two weeks after that conversation, with Leuci

reaches into high places should be known." He pointed out that officials often request secrecy in their own interests rather than the public's, and added: "You can't be in a position of conspiring to keep something secret when it's getting all over town."

But Rosenthal's argument contains an important flaw. The *Times* story last month did not uncover corruption; it disclosed an investigation of corruption that was being diligently pursued. When pressed last week for his opinion about whether the inquiry had been damaged, Burnham replied: "I don't know. It's a matter of judgment, and Seymour has all the information." Seymour now expects perhaps ten indictments instead of the dozens he had originally anticipated. "If Leuci can produce ten cases," he lamented, "think how many cases ten others might have produced."

Job Seeking in Japan

Scarcely any American editor (or reporter) believes that it is possible to measure journalistic ability by taking a test. In the U.S., anyone can become a journalist who can persuade an editor to give him a job (which is one reason why journalism sometimes has a hard time maintaining that it is truly a profession). By contrast, in Japan, would-be journalists must take tough examinations, civil service style, in competition for prized positions with the nation's five national and 110 local newspapers. Editorial work is so much more attractive than a business career to Japanese students that some 8,000 aspirants vie each year for only 500 or so vacancies nationwide. July is exam time in Japanese journalism, and thousands are now waiting anxiously to find out if they can become trainees next spring.

Only university graduates and those about to receive degrees are eligible, and



EDITOR ROSENTHAL PROSECUTOR SEYMOUR
In whose interest was silence?

News. Seymour insisted that their premature stories had "substantially terminated" his undercover investigation.

The accusation is serious, and both papers have denied it. They question whether the investigation has really been damaged, and contend that Seymour himself was really at fault for the early disclosures last month. Actually, the strange story of leak, scoop and rescoop allows enough blame for both sides to share.

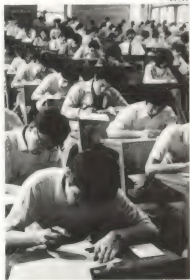
Seymour started the inquiry 14 months ago as a result of work by the Knapp Commission, a special body investigating New York City police corruption that came into being almost entirely because of articles by veteran Investigative Reporter David Burnham in the *Times*. Going beyond the Knapp group, Seymour used City Detective Robert Leuci as an undercover man, gathering evidence of payoffs and other malfeasance. Eventually the prosecutor assembled a force of 40 local and federal agents who made liberal use of underworld informants. He anticipated a huge haul, but Leuci got restive. He was in danger much of the time, his family under constant guard, and Seymour felt he needed encouragement.

Seymour and his aides hit on a novel way of providing that boost: they would arrange for the story of Leuci's

in protective custody. Seymour got a call one afternoon from Burnham indicating that the *Times* had no intention of complying with any restrictions on the story. Still later that day, Seymour talked twice with *Times* Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal and was told finally that the story was then going to press.

Though it mentioned Leuci's role, the *Times* article otherwise was couched in fairly general terms. But the *News* and Federici came back with a fuller disclosure, including a series of vignettes under the heading CASE HISTORIES IN THE LIFE OF ONE COOL COP. No other names were mentioned aside from Leuci's, but Seymour claims that insiders could easily identify informants from the story. "That," said Seymour later, "really pulled the plug. Guys disappeared in all directions. You couldn't find anybody. It was a year's work flushed down the drain."

Important Flaw. Seymour was doubtless naive in thinking the *Times* would sit still once it knew that LIFE was getting exclusive information, or that the *News* would hold back after the *Times* broke the story. Rosenthal argued that "the public interest is generally best served by making information available rather than withholding it. The fact of an investigation that



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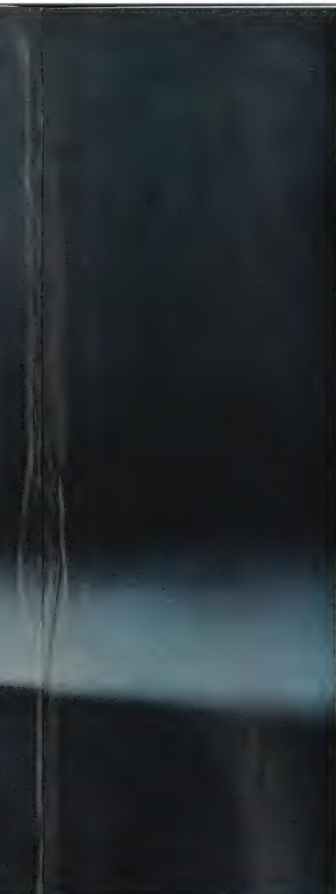
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competition is almost literally cutthroat for spots on the national dailies: *Asahi* (circ. 6,000,000), *Yomiuri* (5,800,000), *Mainichi* (4,700,000), *Sankei* (1,900,000) and *Nihon Keizai* (1,400,000). Disappointed candidates have been known to commit suicide.

Two Rounds. *Asahi's* exam was typical. Some 900 candidates turned out at Tokyo's Keio University to compete for about 30 openings. Many were trained in law, engineering, medicine and other fields, but all preferred journalism. "Curing sick people is meaningful," said a young medical student, "but reporting is just as valuable because it is treating the sickness of society."

Asahi's test was in three parts. A general-knowledge section contained questions on such varied subjects as the Japanese constitution, dollar convertibility, ancient Japanese literature, West Germany's *Ostpolitik* and the chemical formula for polychlorinated biphenyl. There were five separate items on the proper reading of difficult Chinese characters that are used in the Japanese language. Next, candidates had to translate into Japanese newspaper articles in one of five languages: English, French, German, Chinese or Russian. Finally, a composition segment called for a concise news article on "my student life."

That was only the first round; the 150 who pass must then undergo an oral session with *Asahi* editors on a variety of news subjects to determine general comprehension and special interests. The 30 or so who survive will be shipped out to *Asahi* bureaus for a year or two of apprenticeship alongside veteran staffers before returning to Tokyo headquarters as full-fledged reporters.

Pussyfooting. Those who succeed will join huge reportorial staffs that bring suffocation coverage to any news event. *Asahi* has about 1,000 reporters and deskmen in its Tokyo office alone (vs. 478 for the New York Times's headquarters staff), plus a fleet of 13 planes and helicopters to deploy them all over the country. Because *Asahi* prints as many as 139 editions round the clock and assigns specialists to virtually every aspect of each big story, there is enough work to keep everyone busy. All major papers send cadres to cover government offices and ministries.

All that may make for prestige and excitement, but a Japanese reporter's ambition to change society—which lures so many applicants—is hardly realistic. Japan's press feels free to criticize, and indeed reduced ex-Premier Eisaku Sato to tears of anger when he left office last month. But editors operate under self-imposed restraints that make muckraking in the Western sense all but impossible. For fear of ruining a man's reputation, the papers tend to pussyfoot and stop short of exposing suspected scandal or wrongdoing. The Japanese press has no Jack Andersons, and those who make it through the exams into journalism are apt to find their high ideals swallowed up by the system.



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Newport in New York

A New York City ferryboat became a Mississippi stern-wheeler for a day—tooting its way up the Hudson River to the infectious quicksteps of three Dixieland jazz bands. A ballroom at the Commodore Hotel seemed to go through a time warp to the 1930s, as kids in jeans and matrons in long gowns bobbed, swayed and shuffled to the strains of Count Basie and Sy Oliver.

Giving the cleaning ladies the night off, Radio City Music Hall opened its doors at midnight for a four-hour jam session that saw Ben Webster, Zoot Sims, and Milt Jackson tapping toes where the Rockettes usually toe-up to tap. Uptown at Yankee Stadium, the likes of Ray Charles, Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan made a far more winning team than the stadium's usual inhabitants.

So it went last week as jazz came home to the city that reared it, made it rich, sucked it dry, threw it aside—and now, in a stroke of historical irony, seems to have given it one of

years, with rock festivals failing on all sides, Newport had become a new chosen land of the Huns of Aquarius. Last year, when a noisy and violent horde broke through a chain-link fence and overran the paying customers while Dionne Warwick was singing, Wein had enough; he canceled the show. A few days later, the Newport city fathers canceled the festival permanently. "I cried

What the world was listening to reflected Wein's own solid, mainstream musical tastes. The emphasis was on established and often middle-aged jazz figures, so much so that Trumpeter Miles Davis absented himself from the week's proceedings, complaining of "comfortable" and "Uncle Tom" aspects in Wein's programming—and about the fact that he had been invited to play two concerts in one day but was only going to get one fee (\$7,500), like everyone else.

Otherwise the prevailing mood was

TRUMPETER FREDDIE HUBBARD PLAYS FIERY FILL-IN FOR HOLDOUT MILES DAVIS



CECIL TAYLOR AT CARNEGIE HALL

its biggest revitalizations ever. For nine days, some 62 all-stars and more than 500 sidemen—from Duke Ellington to Charlie Byrd, from Dizzy Gillespie to Roberta Flack, from Eddie Condon to Sonny Rollins—waited through 30 concerts in eleven various settings (range: 300 seats to 32,000). When it was all over, more than 100,000 jazz buffs had paid a total of \$500,000 to listen to a music that more than a foolish few had considered dead years ago, gone with Kid Ory, Bunny Berigan and Charlie Parker. Some, indeed, settled in for the duration, paying \$122 for a ticket to all 30 events.

The event was called the Newport Jazz Festival New York. It was a massive transplant of the same Newport Festival that rotund former Jazz Pianist George Wein, 46, had run for 18 years in a large field bay by Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay. In recent

for a while," recalls Wein. "But there was nothing I could do."

Actually, as Wein soon realized, what he could do was to move down the coast a bit and make New York the Bayreuth of jazz. In Rhode Island, he says, "they were never interested in the artistic content of the festival, only how much money it would bring in. What we found out when we moved to New York was that the world was listening, if Rhode Island wasn't."

one of joyful reunion. At Philharmonic Hall, Drummer Gene Krupa and Pianist Teddy Wilson came out to play with Vibraphonist Lionel Hampton, and they went *Flying Home* at the same dizzying speed as in the old days of the Benny Goodman Quartet. In the same hall on another night, the Herman Herd thundered once again as Woody Herman was reunited with such stars from his 1940s bands as Stan Getz, Flip Phillips and Red Norvo. At Carnegie Hall, the legendary Benny Carter led a group accurately labeled Swing Masters, including Veterans Harry Edison, Buddy Tate, Tyree Glenn and Jo Jones.

Nor were more contemporary accents drowned out. The 30-year-old Guitarist John McLaughlin led his Mahavishnu Orchestra through a shattering set of jazz-rock at Carnegie Hall. Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard turned in a fiery performance as a stand-in for Miles Davis. And the "Connoisseur Concerts" that Wein hooked into Carnegie Hall presented such acquired tastes as the abstract expressionism of Pianist Cecil Taylor. In all, there was enough youth and promise on stage—and in the audiences—to make the festival a meeting ground not only of the past and present, but of the past and future as well.



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The Stones and the Triumph of Marsyas

In theory, the lyrics the white boy is singing ought to enrage the audience with their racism and sexism. In theory.

*Gold Coast slaveship
Bound for cotton fields.
Sold in a market
Down in New Orleans.
Scarred old slave know
He's doin' all right.
Hear him whip the women
Just around midnight—*

But 20, even ten rows back, the words can scarcely be heard. They exist not as nouns and verbs, but as a physical mass, a hot, indistinct slur like sausage meat: ground out of the famous lips, eaten by the mike, driven into banks of amplifiers and rammed out through two immense blocks of speakers high on either side of the stage. The vowels mix stickily with the air of the auditorium, already saturated by the fume of tens of thousands of packed bodies, the smoke of 50,000 cigarettes and a few pounds of weed, forming an acid blue vault overhead.

The Rolling Stones are on the road again, and the drums, electric guitars and vast sneering voice ride into another, undifferentiated wave of sound coming at the stage from the hall—the noise of thousands of kids in vicarious heat. Where these two walls of energy meet, above the stage and its blindly waving fringe of teeny-bopper arms, they precipitate a form. It is Mick Jagger, Jumpin' Jack Flash in person, laced into a white rhinestone-studded jumpsuit and painted like a Babylonian hooker, back-lighted by amber spots and front-lighted by a Baby mirror the size of a movie screen slung from the roof trusses, belting into the chorus:

*Ah, Brown Sugar,
How come you taste so good?
Aaah, Brown Sugar,
Just like a young girl should...*

When the Stones open at Madison Square Garden in New York on July 24, it will be the climax of their seventh U.S. tour, which has been, in purely show-biz terms, a vast success. Every concert they have given has been packed solid, the tickets all sold weeks in advance; in San Francisco, the barter price for a \$5.00 ticket was an ounce of grass and seven grams of hash, or, from scalpers, \$50 cash; by Chicago, the price for a \$6.50 ticket had risen to \$70—accompanied by the rumor that someone had printed and sold a quarter of a million dollars' worth of fake tickets, which, mercifully, did not turn up at the gate; and in New York, it may well be around \$100. The chance of getting a ticket over the counter has irrevocably gone. To frustrate scalpers, the tour managers set up a kind of electronic lottery in which supplicants sent postcards six weeks in advance, and the cards were selected at random. The news of this selection process appeared in smallish print at the bottom of the full-page ads in the New York Times, with the result that thousands of Stones fans who did not read it were still pestering the help-less box offices in early July.

The Stones' new album, *Exile on Main St.*, went to the top of the sales charts soon after the start of the tour and has stuck there since. Even the usual rock-concert freebies—to critics, columnists and the like—have been cut to a minimum. At this point of their career, the Stones need publicity about as much as the second World War did, and the logistics of moving them around America have something in common with that military operation. There are the transport arrangements, involving the precise arrival of trucks, the private jets on stand-by at closed airfields, the split-second timing of those black, secretive limousines that proclaim

and conceal the Superstar; the overkill technology of the staging, with its portable hydraulic lifts, remote-control mirrors and waving arcs; even the official correspondents, Truman Capote for *Rolling Stone* and Terry Southern for *Saturday Review*. And behind it all, invisible, the accumulated thrust of one of the most prodigious image-building industries the world has ever seen.

The Rolling Stones are the last of the '60s. The Beatles have split up; Dylan will probably never give another national tour. That leaves the Stones, survivors all, in complete possession of that territory where the superstar music of what was once the "counterculture" shades imperceptibly into the booming glitter of Las Vegas stardom. The Stones are not the world's most inventive band; far from it. Their music is almost—but not yet—an anachronism: straight, blasting, raunchy 4/4 time rock 'n' roll, coiling around the hall and virtually shaking the fillings out of the listeners' teeth. The Stones are the white musicians who make black music, and their work openly derives from black rock and black blues—from Chuck Berry and Slim Harpo, from Muddy Waters, Lightnin' Hopkins, Robert Johnson. Quite apart from Keith Richards' arrangements, Mick Jagger's lyrics are based on the taut, painful, elliptical images of "classical" blues:

*Well, when you're sitting back
In your rose-pink Cadillac
Making bets on Kentucky Derby day
I'll be in my basement room
With a needle and a spoon
And another girl can take my pain away.*

With the coming of the '70s, some of the ground has begun to shift beneath the Stones. Perhaps rock will not become, as some pessimists think, the bubble-gum music of tomorrow; but the Stones' predominantly white, middle-class audience gets younger and younger (Jagger is no longer a 20-year-old playing to other 20-year-olds, but a 28-year-old playing to kids of 15) and, in any case, fewer and fewer musicians nowadays are interested in playing straight gut rock. The trend among musicians seems to be toward a more complex, melodic style that incorporates jazz fusions and extends the vocal phrases instead of locking them solidly into the beat. There are also signs that the mass concert may not be the Grail of musical ambition that it once was, that it may go the way of the three-day rock festival—into oblivion. It took the pop audience a few years to learn that giant concerts tend not to be events of ecstatic mass communion but uncomfortable affairs, jammed and hot, the music distorted, the vibes edge. It takes a lot of dedication to stand like a parboiled wading bird on a rickety wooden seat through an hour of sound that you have already heard 20 times on your stereo at home, while straining to watch, a quarter of a mile away through the gaps in the jiggling mops of hair, a tiny gyrating mannikin whose face you cannot see but whom you know to be Jagger.

But the fans' allegiance is not to rock as music; it is to the Stones as a sociosexual event. The current tour is the Ascot of the hip, an event that cranks out the latent dandyism of every town the Stones play in and calls into action an elaborate pecking order of the In who possess tickets to the Royal Enclosure, as it were; and the Out who do not. The point of the concert is not the sound but the presence of Mick Jagger, who is still arguably the supreme sexual object in modern Western culture.

Myth tells us that the god Apollo, whose instrument was the lyre, was challenged to a musical contest by a coarse satyr named Marsyas, who had learned to play the flute. Mar-





syas lost, and Apollo skinned him alive. In our day, this draconian triumph of reason over instinct has been reversed. Marsyas, the unrepented goat-man, has won; the Rolling Stones are one of his incarnations. Unlike the Beatles—the very prototype of nice English working-class lads accepted everywhere, winning M.B.E.s from the Queen—the Stones from the start based their appeal partly on their reputation as delinquents. They were always too shaggy, too street smart; instead of creating the illusion of working within English social conventions, as the Beatles did, they simply ignored the rules. Long before Kubrick made *A Clockwork Orange* into a film, the Stones were acting out the fantasy of being Alex and his droogs. When, around 1965, England's subculture of Purple Hearts and winklepickers began to mutate into hashish and Moroccan caftans, it was the Stones who bore the full weight of Albion's reprobation. Three of them were hustled, haled into court and subjected to a campaign of vilification from the English right-wing press. The Stones became the scapegoats of England's drug problem, and their legal vicissitudes provided London with the juiciest gossip since the Profumo scandal.

Yet it is a fact of the Stones' detachment that they have been as inaccessible to the left as to the right. One of the cherished fantasies of the '60s was the prospect of a generation sacking the Pentagon to the boom of electric guitars; but the Stones' only overt comment on this was *Street Fighting Man*:

*Everywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet
oh boy
'Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting
in the street oh boy
But what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fighting man.*

It was hardly a call to arms, and Jagger was much assailed for his "indecision"; indeed, an audience in Berkeley booed him for flashing both the peace sign and the clenched-fist power salute. But now that political pop is dead, the harsh, narcissistic irony of the Stones has lasted better than the maunderings of cult heroes like Abbie Hoffman or Jerry Rubin. In a sense, the Stones have lasted well because they never believed that a millennium was just around the corner. The presiding spirit in the Stones' lyrics is neither Marcus nor Thoreau, but William Burroughs:

*Weren't you at the Coke Convention back in 1965?
You're the misshred grey executive I've seen heavily
advertised
You're the great grey man whose daughter licks
policemen's buttons clean.*

CLOCKWISE FROM BELOW: STONES FAN IN ECSTASY AT SEATTLE COLISEUM; CROWD AT SAN FRANCISCO'S WINTERLAND ARENA; JAGGER LEAPS DURING SET IN SAN FRANCISCO; LEAD GUITARIST KEITH RICHARD WITH JAGGER; BASSIST BILL WYMAN; DRUMMER CHARLIE WATTS

*You're the man who squats behind the man who works
the soft machine
Come now, gentlemen, your love is all I crave
You'll still be in the circus when I'm laughing, laughing
in my grave.*

Causes are forgotten, but effects, like DDT, accumulate in the social system: Jagger's Luciferian image is now absolute, fixed. He is even credited, in some quarters, with having "destroyed" the rock festival as a form through the Stones' famous appearance at Altamont in 1969, when a Hell's Angel knifed a man in the audience. It is an illusion that rock culture died or went sour because of Altamont. That event was merely a peg for a death announcement, just as Woodstock served to announce a birth that had actually happened long before. Yet the myth of Jagger's perversity is such that his music was believed to have turned the Hell's Angels into degenerate thugs—which, of course, they already were. There are some brutes whom not even Orpheus can charm, much less Marsyas. An essential aspect of the Orphic myth is that the sweet singer could attract the maenads to pursue him, but could not stop them from tearing him to gobbets; art, a magic key to the irrational, cannot always control the emotions it unlocks. Hence the idiocy of the comparisons that get drawn between Stones concerts and Nazi rallies. Hitler was in command of his audience; Jagger not.

An essential part of Jagger's act is his vulnerability. He is a butterfly for sexual lepidopterists, strutting and jack-knifing across the stage in a cloud of scarf and glitter, pinned by the spotlights. Nonresponsibility is written into his whole relationship with the audience, over which he has less control than any comparable idol in rock history; Elvis Presley, who can still tune the fans up and down like a technician twisting a dial, is the opposite. Jagger's act is to put himself out like bait and flick away just as the jaws are about to close and the audience comes breaking ravenously over the stage. No other singer alive has transformed arrogance into such a sexual turn-on: it is the essence of performance, of mask wearing and play, and the spectacle has a curiously private appearance, as though the secret history of a polymorphic, un-repressed child were being enacted by an adult. (His narcissism is such that Jagger married himself, or a close facsimile: Bianca Jagger could be his twin.)

What still confounds the audience is Jagger's ripe compound of menace and energy; he seems an ultraviolet wraith from Fetish Alley. As king bitch of rock, Jagger has no equals and no visible successors, and at least one of his songs has to be autobiographical:

*I was raised by a toothless bearded hag
I was schooled with a strap across my back
But it's all right now
In fact, it's a gas
But it's all right
I'm Jumpin' Jack Flash
It's a gas, gas, gas...*

■ Robert Hughes



EDUCATION

Learning for the Aged

"What are you doing for us?" the old man demanded of Bruce Bauer, director of community services for North Hennepin State Junior College in suburban Minneapolis. The answer was simple: nothing. Unlike most community colleges, however, North Hennepin decided to offer tuition-free courses specifically designed for the elderly, including, for a start, seminars on lip reading, physical fitness and organizing for "senior power." The response was spectacular. Expecting only 100, the college enrolled about 400—some on crutches, others in wheelchairs.

That was last year. By this summer,

"The purpose is not to just fill their time; they're supposed to take this knowledge and use it," says Judith Wiczorek, 37, who directs both Mercyhurst's sociology department and its program for old people. Indeed, many students did register with practical goals in mind. For example, Mrs. Martha Czito, 62, hopes the course on fixed incomes will teach her how to live within her budget ("I know it's late, but I'm still going to try"), while Joseph Nowak, 72, has a more political reason. "We have to find out if our Social Security payments are too low for a decent life," he explained, "and whether we should fight to get more."

At North Hennepin, where 80% of

lege's regular curriculum. "They don't want to be patronized," says Bruce Bauer. "They really do their homework and some of our kids are hard put to keep up with them."

Having Fun at Camp IQ

It looked about like any other summer camp. Boys were kicking soccer balls, skimming Frisbees and grouching about the lack of girls. Then the public address system crackled, and all 100 of them—two selected by each state—rushed to the recreation hall to hear Dr. Isidore Adler of the Goddard Space Flight Center discuss the problems of mapping the moon.

At question time, the long-haired youths in jeans and sneakers fired away: Is the fission theory of the moon's origin the most powerful one? Is there life on other planets? ("I don't believe in UFOs," said Dr. Adler, "but I'd be astounded if there was not life in some other solar system.")

This is a unique institution called the National Youth Science Camp, where 100 of the nation's brightest 16- to 18-year-old male science students (average IQ: 130-plus) gather for a free three weeks of serious talk and relaxation. West Virginia originally founded the camp in the Monongahela National Forest, about 50 miles from the nearest sizable town, partly to enhance the state's backward image (annual cost: \$80,000). After ten summers, the 15-acre camp has become a nationally respected meeting ground for young talent. IBM lends computer equipment; the nearby National Radio Astronomy Observatory provides lecturers. The counselors are experts in such specialties as FORTRAN and high polymers.

Every morning, the campers get up at 7:45, salute the flag and start hearing lectures, two to four a day. In addition, some 50 students are giving seminars on their own pet projects. Among them: micropaleontology and the effects of high-energy radiation on biochemical substances.

Almost everything at the camp is geared to study. A class in shop teaches the grinding of telescope lenses. Instead of just whacking at the local bugs commonly called "no-see-ums," the campers scrutinize them under microscopes and discover that they are of the genus *Culex*. Even practical jokes are on the intellectual side. On one occasion, campers made a listening device out of materials found in the crafts shop and bugged the potbellied stove in the camp director's office.

Much of the value of the camp comes not from the subjects taught, however, but simply from the encounter with the other campers. Says Director Joseph M. Hutchison Jr., a professor at West Virginia University: "For the first time, many of the boys meet intellectual equals of their own age. Some even confess they're not as smart as they thought they were."



ELDERLY STUDENTS IN CLASS AT NORTH HENNEPIN STATE JUNIOR COLLEGE Teaching lip reading, physical fitness and "senior power."

North Hennepin had some 800 older people (ages 55 to 81) enrolled in courses ranging from creative writing to gardening to astronomy. Moreover, the idea of academic programs for old people is spreading to other campuses—partly because of grants being offered by the Federal Older Americans Act. At Stanford, a professor has begun preliminary planning for an "emeritus university," and programs for old people are already under way at colleges in Milwaukee, Sacramento, Calif., and St. Petersburg, Fla.

How to Cope. The latest one opened last week at Mercyhurst College in Erie, Pa., which registered some 200 students for its College of Older Americans. Like the others, Mercyhurst offers a curriculum of both cultural courses and practical advice. Not only can its students study French or art; they can also learn how to live on a fixed income, cope with the illnesses of old age and adjust emotionally to growing older.

the "senior" students had never gone beyond the eighth grade, there is still a certain ambiguity about the purpose of education for the elderly. Some of the new applicants have asked for such prospective courses as "Sex over 65" and "The Psychology of Dying," but others prefer simpler offerings like "Film Time: the Oldies but Goodies." Explains Mrs. Harriet Heesen, who has taken creative writing and whose grandson is enrolled at the same college: "I'm just doing what I enjoy. If I learn along the way, fine, but I'm going on 80, and who needs more education at my age?"

Some old people, by contrast, are active both in studies and in regular college life. Dan Sundquist, 61, the retired owner of a drive-in restaurant, was elected to the student senate with the help of younger students who posted signs reading VOTE FOR SUGAR DAN. He and his wife Loretta completed high school equivalency courses at the college and now are among about 40 people who have graduated into the col-



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NORTHWEST ORIENT

TIME, JULY 17, 1972

CINEMA

The Least Hurrah

THE CANDIDATE

Directed by MICHAEL RITCHIE
Screenplay by JEREMY LARNER

California Lawyer Bill McKay (Robert Redford) is for clean air, clean water, clean beaches and clean politics. When Lucas, the state's Democratic kingmaker, discovers him, McKay is in his blue denim shirtsleeves down among the poor, trying to lend a helping hand with some everyday legal wrangles. Lucas (Peter Boyle) watches him in action for a while, then makes his move: Would McKay like to run for the U.S. Senate?

McKay has almost impeccable credentials for the job. His ecology speeches and civil liberties record do him credit. He has the good name of his father, redoubtable former Governor John J. McKay (Melvyn Douglas). Furthermore, a visit to Republican Incumbent Crocker Jarmon's campaign picnic convinces him that Jarmon (Don Porter) is an affable fake.

With Lucas oiling up the electoral machine, McKay takes his primary contest handily. In the election he gets so caught up in the fever of the campaign and the persuasiveness of Lucas's tutorials in *Realpolitik* that he begins gaining points on Jarmon by compromising his principles. At the outset of the campaign, when reporters ask "What about property taxes?" he replies, "I don't know." Later he has learned to defer questioners to complex, five-point position papers prepared by his staff, and to give cagey, vague answers during televised debates.

Eventually he trounces Jarmon on the strength of his charisma alone. The

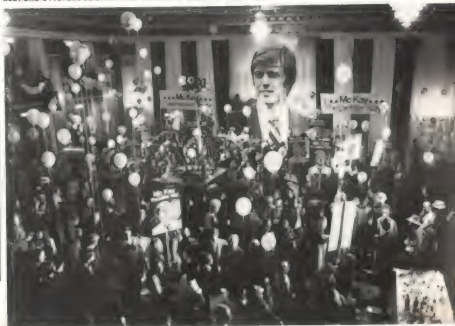
last scene of the movie shows him looking conscience-stricken as he rummages about for his shattered ideals.

The Candidate might have been a cool and cynical analysis of the contemporary political process. Scenarist Lerner was a speechwriter for Eugene McCarthy in 1968. He knows all the intricacies of political infighting, and the movie deals with such matters competently enough. But Lerner never makes McKay believable as a man. All we know about him is that he has something of a communication problem with his father.

Director Michael Ritchie borrows heavily from the work of John Frankenheimer. Fast, edgy editing and countless compositions involving television monitors come straight out of *The Manchurian Candidate*, where they looked and worked better. Most of *The Candidate* is constructed around press conferences, windswept campaign speeches and sweaty conferences in back rooms and back seats of limousines, giving the viewer the impression that he is looking at unused footage from a television documentary.

Ritchie and Lerner stack the cards by making all McKay supporters well-fed suburban liberals or eager youths with a renewed faith in the electoral process. Jarmon's people are loud, right-wing, wrong-thinking rednecks who are not even photogenic. Neither the authentic political atmosphere nor canny performances by Redford, Boyle and Porter go far to cut through the basic glibness of the film. Ritchie incorporates numerous television political commercials and makes a point of their smooth dishonesty and wily distortion. None, however, have any less substance than *The Candidate*. ■ Jay Cooks

REDFORD'S PICTURE LOOMS OVER CAMPAIGN RALLY IN "CANDIDATE"



Being Unbusted

When the police sent a 17-year-old girl tricked out with a hidden radio into the home of Literary Critic Leslie Fiedler, they heard enough talk about marijuana, they said, to have reason to move in and arrest half a dozen people. Two of Fiedler's sons, a daughter-in-law and two other young men pleaded guilty to possession of pot; they received fines or were placed on probation. Fiedler and his wife were convicted in 1970 of maintaining premises where marijuana was used; he got six months and she was fined \$500.

A professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo, Fiedler subsequently wrote a scathing memoir entitled *Being Busted*, in which he blamed the raid largely on the fact that he had sponsored a campus group that advocated legalizing marijuana. As attitudes toward marijuana laws eased, he recalls, "I kept thinking that if I went to jail it would be grotesque, even comic." He had no lack of grounds for appeal—the girl spy repeatedly changed her story and the legality of the bugging was at least questionable—but when New York's highest court struck down the conviction last week, it offered a more basic reason: "No crime was charged or proven."

The law banning the maintenance of a premises for use of marijuana applies only to a building that the owners specifically maintain for criminal purposes, said Judge James Gibson for the 5-to-2 majority. "It was never contemplated that the criminal taint would attach to a family home should members of the family on one occasion smoke marijuana or hashish there."

Fiedler's troubles have cost him a lectureship, credit troubles, and \$20,000 in legal fees, but he has just published a book on Shakespeare and been presented with a new grandchild, so he feels philosophic. He hopes that the decision will lead "in an educational way" to a loosening of marijuana laws.

Jackie v. the Camera

Does Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis have a legal right to privacy that protects her from being pursued by a cameraman? Or does Ronald Galella, who has made a specialty out of photographing the former First Lady, have a newsman's right to dog a public figure as relentlessly as he chooses?

There is no question that Galella has been relentless. He lurked outside Jackie's apartment building, donned disguises, dated one of her maids, chased her to restaurants, barged in on one of Caroline's tennis lessons, and popped up in front of John Jr. out on a bicycle. But as Jackie and her Secret Service guards became increasingly agile at frustrating



JACKIE WALKING IN NEW YORK
Entitled to privacy?

him, Galella filed a \$1.3 million suit, claiming that they had prevented him from pursuing his livelihood. Jackie countersued, asking that he be ordered to stay away. Both sides provided more than 4,700 pages of often conflicting testimony, and last week Federal Judge Irving Ben Cooper announced a decision that stopped just short of ordering Galella's camera smashed.

Cooper dismissed the photographer's suit, saying Galella had "clearly"

perjured himself during the trial, and that "not a single event, episode or incident was established in his favor." Cooper also ruled that henceforth Galella must stay at least 50 yards away from her, 75 yards away from the children, and 100 yards away from the family's home and schools. Nor may he communicate with them in any way.

The right of privacy is not specifically in the Constitution, but Judge Cooper followed a growing number of jurists in finding that individual privacy derives protection from, among other things, the First Amendment right of free association and the Fourth Amendment restrictions on search and seizure. Whether the right to privacy overrides the First Amendment rights of the press was not really decided, however, because Cooper suggested that Galella was more a self-aggrandizing businessman than an authentic journalist. In addition, the judge found no journalistic justification for Galella's constant surveillance: "We see no constitutional violence done by permitting defendant to prevent intrusion on her life which serves no useful purpose."

For good measure, the judge pronounced Galella guilty of contempt of court both before and during the trial and said he would fine him on three separate counts. Galella's lawyer, who was also scolded for "unprofessional conduct," said he expected to appeal.

The Tiger

Every morning, before Richard Sprague climbs into his black Chrysler, a bodyguard checks the car for a bomb. This is because Sprague, as first assistant district attorney in Philadelphia, has sought a first-degree murder conviction in 66 cases and got what he wanted in 65. Two convictions were against killers of United Mine Workers Official Joseph Yablonski, and word came from the minefields that there was a contract out on Sprague's life. Sprague doesn't take the threat seriously. The people who work for him do.

Now 46, Sprague is one of the most effective prosecutors in the nation. A short, intense man with sad, hound-dog eyes, he acts as the executive officer directly under the elected district attorney, Arlen Specter. Specter sets the guidelines and runs the politics. Sprague gets the convictions—from murder to petty bribery. "He is seething with righteous indignation," says one judge who has handled Sprague's cases. "Some men are like a tiger. Dick Sprague is like a whole cage full of tigers—leashed and caged, thank God. But you can feel the power that's there."

One of Sprague's most celebrated cases occurred in 1961, when he decided to prosecute a man for the first-degree murder of his wife even though no body, no blood, no physical evidence of violence was ever found. Sprague argued that no woman would willingly disappear without taking her



GALELLA WEARING DISGUISE
Newsman on the job?

bridgework, her clothes and cosmetics.

"The defense was good," another lawyer recalls, "and of course their case was that she simply had a fight and walked out. Just before the trial ended, a strange woman suddenly walked into the courtroom. The jury looked at the woman, and the defense lawyer said: 'You see? It is going through your minds. That woman could be the missing wife.'" Then, Sprague himself recalls. "I said: 'Yes, you looked at that woman. But I was looking at the defendant and he didn't look. Because he knows there is no woman alive to walk through that door.'" The jury brought in a verdict of death.

The key to Sprague's success, says one judge, "is the logic of the case as he puts it together. It just grinds ahead like a river of lava, crushing everything in its path." That logic derives from meticulous preparation. When the Yablonskis were murdered in their beds in Clarksville, Pa., the local prosecutor

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP L. EVANS FOR THE BULLETIN



PROSECUTOR SPRAGUE

Logic like lava.

knew the case was too big to handle, so Sprague was asked to take charge. By that time, the FBI had captured one gunman, Claude Vealey. He led the FBI to four others: Aubran Martin, a baby-faced hoodlum; Paul Gilly, a burglar; his wife Annette, and Silas Huddleston. Annette's father, Vealey had confessed, but his story was not enough to take all of the culprits to trial.

"The game plan was to divide the group up, and pick on the weakest figures first," says Sprague. "I would not let the twigs band together. They were placed in separate jails to think about what would happen to them." Sprague took on young Martin first. "I chose the jury carefully," Sprague recalls. "I didn't want any sweet, forgiving grandmother types. Nor did I want any ladies who would find the guy good-look-

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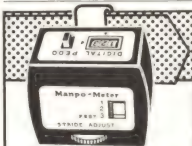
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THE LAW

ing. I summed up by painting the heinous nature of this crime. The dark night. The cold snow on the ground. The car full of killers on the hilltop. I told that jury that if they did not convict Martin, they were inviting people to come to their own homes at night and kill them in cold blood."

Martin got the death penalty. So did Gilly. Then Mrs. Gilly cracked.

Sprague recalls: "She said she would trade her life for a guilty plea. But in her own mind she had determined she would trade us as little as possible. Her initial confession didn't lead anywhere." Sprague hooked her into a hotel and began a series of lie-detector sessions that lasted eight days. "The thing that was difficult," says Sprague, "was that she wasn't lying. She was just withholding information. That is an extremely hard thing to get from the polygraph."

"She was made of iron," the polygraph operator recalls. "It was a test of mental determination—us against her. And she was built like Daisy Mae Strong. Part way through the test, she told us she had willed that she would forget all the details of the case." At this point Sprague told her: "The deal's off. You aren't leveling. We're going to send you to the chair." On the eighth day, she broke, crying, her body suddenly racked with sobs, sweating profusely. "And she made a good confession," Sprague says. After that, it was easy to get Huddleston to confess that he was the conduit for a payoff from union officials. Sprague is still sniffing along the trail that he is sure leads upward into the U.M.W. hierarchy.

Unreal. Sprague learned some of his tireless approach from his parents, both psychiatrists, who taught him to probe and analyze. Then, during World War II, he learned an unforgettable lesson when Navy shipmates tried to rescue some drifting Japanese sailors and were riddled by Japanese gunfire. "You've got to have a society," Sprague says now, "in which people who transgress will be caught and punished." Even after the Supreme Court's ban on the death penalty, he continues to support it, and last week the Philadelphia D.A.'s office proposed amendments to state law that they hope will permit executions for certain crimes.

Sprague almost left the law before really getting started: "I went to the University of Pennsylvania law school, but I hated it. It was unreal. Then I got a job as a public defender. That took me into court, and I loved it. The courtroom was something magic. It was like a play; unfolding, developing."

In 21 years, Sprague says, he defended more than a thousand suspects—so successfully that in 1958 he was hired by the D.A.'s office, for which he has prosecuted 10,000 cases. Eventually he wants to become D.A. himself—and to make sure that no malefactor escapes his claws. "That one first-degree conviction I missed," he says ruefully, "came back second-degree."

FRANK LOOSE



GUTS FRISBEE CONTESTANTS AT INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT IN COPPER HARBOR, MICH.

FRANK LOOSE

MODERN LIVING

Flipped Disks

The name of the game is Guts Frisbee, and to a growing number of serious competitors it is the greatest sport around. Two five-member teams stand on boundaries set 15 yards apart and take turns hurling a Pro Model Frisbee so hard, or on so tricky a trajectory, that no opponent can make a clean one-handed grab. It sounds easy, but catching the aerobatic platter can be as difficult as catching Vida Blue fastballs without a glove. Points are awarded to the throwing team if the receivers mull a catch, and to the receiving team if a throw goes too wide or too high. The first team to score 21 points wins. Desperate lunges, volleyball-style tips to keep the darting disk in play, skinned knees, mashed fingers and bloody noses are all part of the game.

There is even an International Frisbee Tournament held annually in the isolated Michigan Upper Peninsula community of Copper Harbor (pop. 50). Two weeks ago, several thousand spectators came to watch 36 teams bearing such titles as the Function Junction Double Suction Pump Five and the Humbly Magnificent Champions of the Universe compete for the world's Guts Frisbee championship. Some of the players came from as far away as Canada, Germany and Australia. And though the tournament's atmosphere of low camp was clearly a spoof on all organized sports, the matches were fought in dead earnest.

"We play this game seriously and I think scientifically," said Roger Barrett, a member of the high-ranked Fuchsia team from Berkeley, Calif. He and his

cohorts had practiced such exotic deliveries as sidearms, thumbers, underhands and upside-down wrist flips no less than three hours a day for months—but to no avail. They lost in the finals to the defending champion Highland Avenue Aces of Wilmette, Ill., who had coolly scouted out the weak spots in the Californians' game. During the match, the winners destroyed Fuchsia's confidence with a steady stream of verbal taunts. The Aces' reward: the Julius T. Nachazel Memorial Trophy, made from a couple of tin cans and some cut-glass jewels and named after a retired Michigan Tech professor whose name had appealed to the tournament's director, Jumbo Jim Davis.

Wham-O. Even if Frisbee eventually becomes a professional sport, as some observers fear, there is still likely to be more money in selling the disks than in flipping them. Twenty-four years ago, a Los Angeles building inspector named Fred Morrison invented the Frisbee after studying the airyworthy pie pans used by the now defunct Frisbie bakery company of Bridgeport, Conn. In 1956 he sold the patent on an improved design to the Wham-O Co. (those wonderful people who brought you the Hula-Hoop), and since then the royalties have been sailing in about \$800,000 to date.

Dr. Stancil Johnson, a long-haired Santa Monica psychiatrist who serves as Frisbee's official historian, has an apparently sober explanation for the disks' popularity. They are, he says, "the perfect marriage between man's greatest tool—his hand—and his greatest dream—to fly." But even Johnson is hard-pressed to account for the latest devel-

opment on the Frisbee front. Among the crowds at Copper Harbor was a bevy of "froupies," short for Frisbee groupies. They too seemed to want to have a fling.

Leur Club

A wealthy French importer named Bernard Fischler and his wife used to travel abroad with their little girl. Occasionally they wanted to take short side trips by themselves, but they could never find a satisfactory place to leave their daughter. "That," says Fischler, "is when I started dreaming of a beautiful hotel just for children."

This month his dream materialized in the village of La Trétoire in the heart of the Brie cheese country 55 miles east of Paris. There, on seven acres of woods and meadows, Bernard Fischler opened a 62-room hotel, called *Mon Club*, designed exclusively for 220 children from ages three to 16. Adult guests are strictly off limits.

Foursomes. The hotel was aptly described by one visitor as *un maxi-palace pour mini-clients*. A four-story white building with a chocolate-tiled roof, *Mon Club* has one regulation and four practice tennis courts, a stable with eight horses, a gym, a soccer field and two heated swimming pools. For indoor fun there are two television rooms, a cinema and even a discothèque. Next year the hotel will have a skating rink,

a golf course and a small zoo. Knowing that all play and no work makes Jacques *un enfant terrible*, Fischler also included a library, a photo lab and four crafts workshops in his blueprints. At an additional cost the hotel also provides lessons in four languages and other tutoring.

For about \$15.50 a day—roughly half the cost of a first-rate French resort hotel—a regular paying guest is provided with bed and board and the use of all facilities. On hand are a doctor, a nurse, nine supervisors and 13 athletic instructors, besides the usual desk clerks, waiters and maids. The hotel is divided into three sections, one for toddlers, another for girls, and one for boys. Most rooms accommodate threesomes or foursomes, but singles are also available. Every room has original watercolors, a bathroom with fixtures sized according to age group, and carpeting that is not merely wall-to-wall but three feet up the wall. For safety's sake there are two exits from each room, ramps instead of stairs, and in the smaller-children's area, windows placed too high for adventurous climbing.

Unlike an American summer camp, *Mon Club* has no reveille or rigid schedule. Guests may rise any time between 7:30 and 9 and go to one of the two dining rooms (one for little children and one for big) to choose their breakfasts and have all the orange juice they can drink. After that there are only two

compulsory activities: morning calisthenics and participating in one sport. The latter may include swimming, horseback riding, bicycling, fishing or kayaking in the nearby Petit Morin River, as well as more strenuous games such as soccer and tennis.

Folly. When the children's hotel opened two weeks ago, most of the guests were middle-class French children who came to stay for a day, a weekend or a fortnight while their parents went off for a holiday of their own. But many children came for other reasons as well. Catherine Fontaine, 11, is staying at *Mon Club* for a while because both her parents work and she is an only child. "Staying home alone is not much fun," she explained. "Certainly not as much fun as riding horses." Rémy Allemane, 12, and his sister Hélène, 11, point out the advantages of a holiday hotel over a summer camp. Said Rémy: "In camp, we slept 40 or 50 to a dormitory, and the food was nothing to write home about."

Although there are other lodgings for children in Europe, none is nearly as large or as lavish as "Fischler's folly." He was called a madman by his wife and friends for spending \$2,000,000 on *Mon Club*. Before construction was complete, he got offers for more than that amount. "The offers are reassuring, but I'm not a bit interested," says Fischler. "I am doing this for the love of children."

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A Sense of Exuberance

It has been a year for gimmicks and theory-clogged trivia in many fashionable art galleries, so one can only rejoice at a show that demonstrates anew the richness and ethical seriousness of painting. Such an exhibition—modest in scale, exceptional in quality—is now on view at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis: a group of 16 new pictures by Robert Motherwell.

To speak of a "comeback" by an artist as conspicuous as Motherwell may seem odd, but it has a certain point. At 57, he is one of the last charter members of the New York School of the 1940s to remain alive and painting. Pollock, Gorky, Rothko, Kline, David Smith, Hofmann, Newman and Reinhardt are all dead, and their work has been so long discussed, labeled, ticketed and run through the meat grinder of mass art education that it has already assumed the air of an august period style—the last "heroic" American art. The absurd consequence has been that the group's surviving members,* of whom Motherwell is the youngest, have come to be mistakenly regarded as anachronisms whose work occupies a historical pigeonhole but has only a shadowy relationship to the present.

Being Social. What is more, Motherwell has the mixed fortune of intelligence. As writer, teacher and editor, he has for the past 25 years made essential contributions to the understanding of modern art in America. "It's my way of being social, rather than going to cocktail parties," he says. "It's also an excellent relief from the anguish of painting—an attempt to regain my social equilibrium and to give back to society something of what it has so generously given me: education, respect, dignity, artistic freedom." Thus he is the opposite of the cliché that stuck to Abstract Expressionism—the artist as roaring boy, trapped and goaded by his own tragic energies, armed with much myth but no history, articulate only at brush point.

It has never been possible to make a romantic hero out of Motherwell, with his essentially aristocratic humanism, his finely rinsed conversational palate, his dedication to gastronomy (when he moved to Greenwich, Conn., it was uncharitably rumored that he did so to be near one of his favorite restaurants, *La Crémallière*) and his white Mercedes. Motherwell's life-style, his thought and his painting are much of a piece, and they have consistently served to remind American viewers that culture is a continuum, not a

competitive race for the laurels of mere originality, that art builds on other art and that a "protectionist" attitude against European and specifically French art may be useful as a mask but involves a certain loss as well.

Consequently, Motherwell, despite his genial behavior and his look of a rumpled, adipose bear prodded from hibernation, remains the stone guest at the festivities of American art, reminding the partygoers that modernism did not begin and will not end in New York. "Every intelligent painter," he wrote in 1951, "carries the whole culture of modern painting in his head. It is his real subject, of which everything he paints is both an homage and a critique, and everything he says a gloss."

REARTE POKOLLO



MOTHERWELL LOOKS OUT TO SEA
An oceanic peace.

This basic field begins, for Motherwell, with 19th century France. He wrote a thesis at Harvard on Baudelaire and Delacroix, and he has long had a strong affinity for the symbolist and surrealist traditions of art and literature that emanated from the poets Rimbaud and Mallarmé. Mallarmé's effect on modern art—and on Motherwell—came from his prophetic insistence that art should use only the means unique to it. When Degas complained that he had ideas for sonnets but could not write one, the poet crushingly retorted that "you don't write sonnets with ideas, Degas, but with words." So too, painting is made of oils and colors, and recognizing this concrete, specific nature of paint involves a faith that a work of art can take an equal place among the other objects that constitute the real world. Art is neither fiction nor illusion. Its power is its directness.

It contains reality. "Like long echoes," wrote Baudelaire, "which from a distance fuse in a dark and profound unity vast as the night and as the radiance of the day, perfumes, colors and sounds respond to each other. There are perfumes fresh as a child's skin, sweet as oboes, green as meadows."

This is the basis of Motherwell's attitude to color. "The 'pure' red of which certain abstractionists speak does not exist," he once declared. "Any red is rooted in blood, glass, wine, hunters' caps and a thousand other concrete phenomena. Otherwise we should have no feeling toward red and its relations, and it would be useless as an artistic element." Hence, even though Motherwell's paintings are not distinctly figurative, they are remarkably accessible—open ways that lead out into the world. "My blue is the blue of the sky or the sea," Motherwell insists. "My greens are trees, flower and plant greens . . . I have a strong aversion to colors that aren't based on man's pre-technological environment."

One of Motherwell's favorite combinations is the oldest of all: black and white. *Elegy for the Spanish Republic*, which the painter keeps in his home, is one of the latest in a series that he has been working on since 1949: long, frieze-like canvases on which thick black ovoids and slabs of darkness are silhouetted on a white field.

Terrible Death. The images may suggest skins pegged on a wall. Guardia Civil hats, shadows on whitewashed Andalusian buildings, but Motherwell, who was 21 when the Civil War broke out and did not visit Spain until 1958, prefers not to particularize about them. "The Spanish Elegies," he says, "are not 'political,' but my private insistence that a terrible death happened that should not be forgotten."

The pictures are also general metaphors of the contrast between life and death. The luminous, dusty, Apollonian terra cotta and oranges

of *Great Wall of China* equally convey a sense of exuberance, of heat and fruitfulness. *The August Sea*, 1971, one of a series of paintings that relate to his summers on the coast at Provincetown, Mass., is suffused with a literally oceanic peace: the spreading field of blue, Mallarmé's azure, the color of space and of openness, dappled with swift strokes of green, with a black line rising through it like the faintly swaying mast of a ship. In such work, Motherwell's address to sensation is marvelously candid. "In a way," he says, "painting is like wine: it is as old, as simple, as primitive and as varied. Like wine, it is a very specific means of expression, with a limited vocabulary, but vast in its expressive potential."

Motherwell's best work shows us that conciseness, grace, passion and lucidity are still the paramount virtues of the art of painting. ■ Robert Hughes

* Among the most notable: Willem de Kooning, Adolph Gottlieb, Clyfford Still.



RAUSCHENBERG: WARD

"The August Sea," 1971



"Great Wall of China," 1971

"Elegy for the Spanish Republic," 1972



Death of a Patriarch

Πατριάρχης, patriarch:
the head of a family

First and foremost, he was head of the family. It was a large family—Russians, Greeks, Bulgars, Syrians—and it could be a quarrelsome one. His fellow patriarchs in the ancient sees of Jerusalem, Antioch and Alexandria, and newer ones like Moscow, recognized him only as the "first among equals." The power of his office had originally derived from its association with the Byzantine Empire, and later from its role as a kind of Christian vicerey for the Islamic Ottoman Empire. But modern Turkey had scant use for a Christian leader in Constantinople.

Thus, while as many as 250 million Eastern Orthodox Christians round the world owed him spiritual respect, His Holiness Athenagoras I, Archbishop of Constantinople-New Rome and Ecumenical Patriarch, held actual jurisdiction over as few as 3,000,000 of them, mostly Greek Orthodox outside of Greece. Yet when he died at 86 last week in Istanbul—of kidney failure following a hip fracture—Athenagoras was widely mourned as one of the world's great holy men.

His gift had been one of reconciliation. It was Athenagoras who first sent out feelers to the Vatican to end the 900-year-old battle between Roman Catholicism and Orthodoxy.* The gesture culminated in the historic meeting between Pope Paul VI and Athenagoras in 1964 on Jerusalem's sacred Mount of Olives, where the two men exchanged a kiss of peace and prayed together. The next year, the Patriarch and the Pope officially revoked the mutual anathemas that had been hurled at the start of the schism between East and West in 1054. In 1967 they capped the new era of good feeling by exchanging visits at Istanbul and Rome.

*Orthodoxy today comprises 15 independent churches, ranging from the mighty Patriarchate of Moscow (an estimated 60 million members) to the tiny Church of Sinai, with 100 adherents. As does Rome, Orthodoxy believes in both church tradition and Scripture as the source of divine revelation, in the seven Christ-instituted sacraments, in the basic trinitarian doctrine formulated by the first seven ecumenical councils, and in the duty of reverence toward the Virgin Mary. But Orthodoxy rejects papal infallibility and permits married men to become priests, though only celibates can become bishops. Orthodoxy also makes a distinction between its churches and "Oriental" churches like the Armenian Church, which differ from them doctrinally on the nature of Christ but are sometimes confused with them by Westerners.

A doctor's son, Athenagoras was born Aristocles Spyrou in 1886 in what is now northwestern Greece. He trained for the priesthood at the Patriarchate's seminary on the island of Halki near Istanbul. By 1922 he was a bishop—bearing the ecclesiastical name Athenagoras—and soon became one of the leading clerics in Greece. Perhaps partly to remove him from contention for the powerful post of Archbishop of Athens, he was sent to the U.S. in 1931 as Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America.

U.S. Greek Orthodoxy was in a shambles when Athenagoras arrived. Like other immigrant churches, it was

ERNEST BARNETT—LIFE



ATHENAGORAS WITH POPE PAUL IN ISTANBUL
A gift for reconciliation.

torn by the politics of the old country, and Greece had been riven for decades by the struggle between royalists and republicans. In 1922 the new Ecumenical Patriarch, Meletios Metaxakis, had canonically severed the American church from Athenian authority and made it subject to the Patriarch of Constantinople. Despite the disjunction, political passions continued to divide parishes.

The tall (6 ft. 4 in.), lordly Athenagoras, with his then-black beard bristling over his black cassock, visited each of the congregations under his jurisdiction, patiently healing the wounds. "Leave your arguments outside the church door," Athenagoras told them. "You will find them there when you come out." At the same time he was such a staunch U.S. patriot that he tried to enlist in the Army on the day after Pearl Harbor. Athenagoras (and Archbishop Michael, who succeeded him after he was elected Ecumenical Patriarch in 1948) joined other Orthodox

churchmen in a campaign for public recognition. Most states now recognize Orthodoxy as a "major faith," and Athenagoras' successors as Archbishop of the Americas (see *following story*) have offered prayers at the inaugurations of four presidents.

Athenagoras did not live to see one dream fulfilled—the calling of a great synod embracing all of Orthodoxy, which would have been the first in nearly 1,200 years. The great synod he envisioned would have worked to bring Orthodoxy under one harmonious canopy round the world. It was a fitting vision for a Christian who saw the world as one, and whose life was nothing less than an embrace.

Poignant Anniversary

The news from Istanbul fell like a bomb on a gathering in Houston's Rice Hotel last week. There the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese of North and South America was holding a formal dinner as part of its 21st Biennial Clergy-Laity Congress. Archbishop Iakovos, Primate of North and South America, rose to give a scheduled speech about the Ecumenical Patriarch, then told the delegates in a breaking voice: "Athenagoras is not with us any more. He is with God." The Patriarch's death was especially poignant because the congress was celebrating a "Double Jubilee," Athenagoras' 50th year as a bishop and the 50th anniversary of the American archdiocese. The congress immediately adjourned in mourning, but it had already heard the most important message—a plea from Iakovos for Greek Orthodoxy in the Americas to take on a heroic new spiritual tone.

In its first half-century, the archdiocese has grown prosperous and large: twelve subordinate dioceses scattered

ROBERT DOWNEY JR.—PHOTOGRAPH



ARCHBISHOP IAKOVOS IN HOUSTON
A call for clairvoyance.

RELIGION

through the hemisphere, some 480 parishes and an estimated 2,000,000 members (1.3 million in the U.S.). But in his keynote address to the Congress, the soft-voiced, gray-bearded Iakovos, now 60, sounded no note of triumph: Greek Orthodoxy in the Americas, he said, needs to add "truth and love" to the "enthusiasm, ambition and pride" that have been its "principal attributes" to date. It needs, he said, to return to the "meaning of Christianity," to "become more of a church than we are."

The Iakovos of Houston—evangelical, reformist, emphasizing his points with exhortations from the Apostle Paul—seemed something of a departure from the ambitious hierarchy who has made himself so visible on the ecumenical circuit in his 13 years as Primate of the Americas. "I have not always talked this way," he conceded in an interview with *TIME*'s Mayo Mohs. For years his passion was ecumenism, his hope to lead a union of the Orthodox churches in the U.S. But now, says Iakovos, "the trend is not to fight for power and supremacy; it is to fight the inequities of our times."

Cleansing Agent. Too many Greek Orthodox congregations have become what Iakovos admits are "social clubs labeled with the name of a saint," a fact that many of his church members are beginning to recognize. In a survey of American-born parishioners last fall, Iakovos found, the "greatest need" cited by 87% of the respondents was for "more religious enlightenment and edification." The Orthodox, says Iakovos, "must not be afraid to break away from the masses," must become less secular, less materialistic, more concerned with the real meaning behind the formalities of their faith.

Iakovos wants Greek Orthodoxy to become a cleansing agent for a sick society. "Without spiritual strength and invincible faith," he says, "I don't think we can correct any of the ills of our society. The issues of our time will not be resolved without men of spiritual clairvoyance and moral conviction. The revolution started as a social one, but it must be completed as a spiritual one."

Iakovos may have an outside chance to pursue his spiritual revolution beyond the Americas. When the Holy Synod of the Constantinople Patriarchate meets to choose Athenagoras' successor, Iakovos will be one of the candidates considered. He is not the leading contender; Metropolitan Meliton of Chalcidion, who worked closely with Athenagoras as his Grand Vicar, is the favorite. Meliton is also a Turkish citizen, and the Turks say that only a Turkish citizen will be acceptable. Iakovos was born in Turkey, but he is a naturalized U.S. citizen. Because he has taken what they regard as anti-Turkish stands on such issues as the union of Cyprus with Greece and alleged religious persecution in Turkey, the Turks would probably not allow him to reassume his native citizenship.



CHALLENGER BOBBY FISCHER & WORLD CHESS CHAMPION BORIS SPASSKY

SPORT

Hot War in Iceland

"If he doesn't come," said World Chess Champion Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union, "then we will all go home. It's as simple as that." But nothing is ever simple when U.S. Grand Master Bobby Fischer is involved. After winning the right to play Spassky for the world title in Reykjavik, Iceland, the Brooklyn boy played a defiant gambit that threatened to stalemate the "Match of the Century." Not satisfied with a record \$125,000 purse (previous record: \$12,000) and a 30% share of TV and film rights, Fischer at the last minute demanded a 30% cut of the gate receipts. While Boris waited in Reykjavik, Bobby went into hiding in New York City and played a waiting game. The U.S.S.R. Chess Federation denounced his sulking as "blackmail" and "a crying violation of the rules without parallel in the history of any sports competition."

One theory was that Fischer was waging a "war of nerves." If so, the tension finally got to British Investment Banker James Slater, a millionaire chess buff. In an extraordinary move of his own, Slater doubled the purse with a gift of \$125,000. "Fischer has said that money is the problem," he declared. "Well, here it is. My message to Fischer is: 'Come on out, chicken.'" Fischer came out instantly. Saying that the offer was "incredible, generous and brave" and "I gotta accept," he caught a jet to Reykjavik and arrived just five hours before the noon deadline set by the Fédération Internationale des Echecs (FIDE), the governing body of world chess.

Fischer's belated arrival only served to heat up the cold war in Iceland. While Bobby slept, his second went in his stead to the noon meeting to determine who

would have the first move in the best-of-24-game match. Spassky appeared but instead of drawing lots he stalked out of the room without explanations. Later he declared that he was "insulted" by his opponent's delaying tactics, that Fischer had "jeopardized his moral right to play" and must suffer some "just punishment before there is a hope of holding the match." Spassky, who maintained a cool, detached air throughout most of the negotiations, said: "I am the world champion. Now it is I who shall determine when or whether the match shall begin." Moaned FIDE President Max Euwe: "I don't understand it myself. When Spassky is here, Fischer doesn't come. As soon as Fischer comes, Spassky runs away."

At a press conference the next day, Spassky's second spelled out the "just punishment" by making three demands: 1) a written apology from Fischer, 2) a condemnation of Fischer's behavior by Euwe, and 3) an apology from Euwe for granting Fischer a two-day postponement in violation of FIDE rules. Euwe, 71, a courtly former world champion (1935-37) from The Netherlands, immediately took the microphone and said: "Of course I condemn Mr. Fischer's behavior. Is there anybody in this room who does not?" Claiming that "Fischer lives in another world," Euwe admitted that he had violated the rules because "if I had not, there would be no match."

Apology. All that remained was the apology from Fischer, a humbling gesture that few thought the cocky, headstrong challenger would make. Surprisingly, Fischer stayed up half the night drafting the demanded letter with the help of his lawyer. Then, according to one of Fischer's friends, Bobby and the lawyer went to Spassky's hotel in the wee hours to deliver the message. Spas-

sky was asleep. Undaunted, the Americans persuaded a bellboy to open the door to Spassky's room and they tiptoed in, placed the letter on the desk and tiptoed out. In the letter, released later that day, Fischer offered Spassky "my sincerest apology" for "offending you and your country, the Soviet Union, where chess has a prestigious position. I simply became carried away by my petty dispute over money with the Icelandic chess organization. I know you to be a sportsman and a gentleman, and I am looking forward to some exciting chess games with you."

Mollified if not amazed, Spassky agreed to go ahead with the match. Late last week the champion and the challenger met to decide who would begin play with the white pieces, which have the first move. Upon seeing Fischer, Spassky warmly grasped him with both hands. Then, in a time-honored ritual, the champion put a white pawn in one hand and a black pawn in the other, juggled them behind his back and then extended his closed fists toward Fischer. Hunching over, Bobby pointed to Boris' right hand. Smiling, the champion opened his hand to show that the challenger had chosen black. Spassky may need every advantage when the match begins this week. A poll of one group of grand masters showed that 14% saw the match as even, 22% favored Spassky, and 64% felt Fischer would be the next world champion.

Evonne v. Chrissie

A tidy oasis of trim turf and ivy-covered buildings, the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club has stood since 1877 as a monument to British upper-class imperturbability. But last week Wimbledon, as the club is more commonly known, lost its haughty heart to the dusky daughter of an Australian sheepshearer and to a fair young girl from the middle-class groves of Florida. Evonne Goolagong, 20, as bubbling as the sound of her Aboriginal name,

PRINCESS CHRISIE



met cool, calm Chris Evert, 17, in the most publicized women's match since the glory days of Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills Moody. The fact that Evonne eventually lost the championship to California's Billie Jean King (6-3, 6-3) did little to diminish the excitement of her encounter with Chris in the semifinals.

Evonne Goolagong had stunned the world of women's tennis early last year when she defeated Grand-Slam Queen Margaret Court in the Victorian Championships at Melbourne; at Wimbledon last July she beat Mrs. Court again, winning the tournament in her second try. Chris Evert emerged as a strong contender last summer when she scored upset after upset to reach the semifinals of the U.S. Open at Forest Hills; then in a tournament in her home town of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., she trounced the redoubtable Billie Jean. Remarkably, last week's semifinal match at Wimbledon was the first time that the two young stars had faced each other across a net. Scalpers got up to \$75 a ticket.

The two young ladies took the court before 14,000 spectators with no more visible signs of emotion than if they had been attending a high school prom. "How do you curtsy?" asked ponytailed Chris before they walked toward the



PRINCESS EVONNE

royal box for the traditional pregame touch of pomp. "Just bob, that's all," replied curly-locked Evonne. Bob they did, quickly, with a wobble at their knees and a giggle in their throats. Then, on the court, each became herself again—the casual, smiling Australian against the intense, impassive American; the imaginative but sometimes erratic Evonne against the consistent but predictable Chrissie; a jazz drummer playing against a metronome.

Chrissie's relentless base-line drives

helped her to win the first set and take the lead in the second, 3-0. Then Evonne, attacking her opponent's two-handed backhand with short, angled shots, swept seven games in a row to win the second set and move ahead in the third. Again Evonne fell behind; but again she came back, mixing the depth and direction of her shots to throw Chrissie off stride. On overhead and volleys, Evonne was clearly superior. In the end, she won the first meeting of the tennis princesses 4-6, 6-3, 6-4. But there are sure to be more. Said Chris: "I'm very satisfied with my first Wimbledon



QUEEN BILLIE JEAN

and, in a way, relieved. The next time I play Evonne, the pressure will be on her."

As for the men's singles championship, it was somewhat tarnished before it began. Wimbledon's snooty refusal to accept entries from the 32 professionals under contract to Dallas Promoter Lamar Hunt meant that such topflight players as Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, John Newcombe and Arthur Ashe were absent. As lesser lights scrambled over the Wimbledon courts, Newcombe was pursuing his sideline career as a commentator, Laver was vacationing in New Hampshire and Ken Rosewall was reposing in Sydney. The finalists—Corporal Stan Smith and Ilie Nastase of Rumania—did mount impressive performances as they volleyed their way into the finals. Smith wiped out the pride of Russian tennis, Alex Metreveli, and Czechoslovakia's Jan Kodes, while Nastase defeated the young American hopeful Jim Connors and Spain's Manuel Orantes. Still, after the show Chrissie and Evonne put on, the men's finals were clearly an anticlimax—underscored by a postponement at week's end because of British summer showers.

POLICYMAKERS

The McGovernomics Men

JUST over a year ago, George McGovern asked a group of liberal economists to an all-day meeting in Manhattan. The Senator said that he was determined to shed his image as a one-issue candidate and take firm positions on matters other than the war. He was especially eager to bear down on the then-lax economy. In effect, McGovern asked the group to become his economic brain trust.

Their counsel led to McGovern's economic program, which has long since surpassed his end-the-war stand as the real issue this year. McGovern's plan to raise taxes drastically on corporation profits and upper-middle and high incomes has so terrified investors that almost no big-money Wall Street-er has yet publicly contributed to his campaign. His income-redistribution idea, which would provide federal grants to poor, has been branded irresponsible by some fellow Democrats.

The small troupe of men who supplied the powder for McGovern's bombshells so far have generally been a youngish, Ivy League crowd who have solid respect among their colleagues but are not widely known to laymen. Their strongest bond has been the noneconomic preoccupation of ending the war. Several worked for Robert Kennedy or Eugene McCarthy in 1968, and nearly all agreed to work for McGovern primarily because of his views on Viet Nam. On economic matters, they are considered advance-guard liberals who favor a steady and perhaps wrenching move toward economic equality. All

zealously deny that either they or their programs are truly radical, arguing that most of their theories have been taught in the classroom for years.

A few of McGovern's less active advisers are economists with worldwide reputations, including Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith and Yale's Robert Triffin. Many other of the Democrats' well-known economists will eagerly offer their expertise if McGovern wins the nomination this week. But McGovern's new New Economists have shaken up the old-line Democratic economic establishment of Kennedy-Johnson vintage and have catapulted themselves into prominence. However their candidate fares this week—and in November—they will have no small influence on debates over public policy in the years ahead.

A who's who of McGovern's inside advisers:

EDWIN KUH, a 47-year-old professor at M.I.T., has been group captain since last June's meeting. An economic adviser to McGovern during his 1968 presidential mini-campaign, Kuh continued to send memos to the Senator after the last election. Since then, Kuh, a critic of business, has made major contributions to McGovern's tax-reform and income-redistribution plans. He has also been in charge of recruiting new talent; so far at least 25 economists have funneled ideas to McGovern. Widely admired as an economic technician, Kuh nonetheless has had little experience with the realities of drafting public policy, and becomes somewhat abra-

sive when his theories are questioned. As a result, some economists outside McGovern's camp speculate that he might be gently dislodged from the top spot before the campaign. Even if that happens, McGovern might well offer Kuh a high economic post in the event he becomes President.

ROBERT EISNER, 50, a professor at Northwestern, is McGovern's economic adviser of longest standing. An advocate of tougher corporate taxation, Eisner persuaded McGovern to criticize the 7% investment credit and accelerated depreciation—both put through by Nixon last year—as giveaways to business. He is one of the few liberals who argue that the same programs, when passed by Democratic Administrations in the '60s, did not provide the intended economic stimulus. Eisner has urged McGovern to go even further than he has in advocating a reduction of tax benefits for businesses and upper-middle income groups, arguing that "there is a limit to how much money one needs." The graying economist is in a stronger position than most to press his views on McGovern; Eisner is an Illinois delegate to the Democratic Convention.

LESTER THUROW, 33, also an M.I.T. professor, is one of the brightest and fastest rising of the U.S. economic *Wunderkinder*, and he is the thinker behind McGovern's campaign against accumulated wealth. Largely on the basis of Thurow's research into U.S. income distribution, which showed that 2.5% of the U.S. population owns 45% of all private assets, McGovern recommended extensive changes in inheritance taxes, including a suggested 77% tax on bequests exceeding \$500,000. Says Thurow: "It used to be that you had to manage your own fortune, and you

GROUP CAPTAIN KUH

TAX REFORMER EISNER

ESTATE EXPERT THUROW

LIAISON MAN WEIL



could lose it. Now you can have a bank manage it. Without a natural corrective, we need something like a potent inheritance tax." Thurow has also occasionally brushed back his randomly distributed blond curls to act as a McGovern emissary to the business community. A former Rhodes scholar, Thurow bicycles daily to work from his home in Roxbury, Boston's black ghetto, where he dispenses volunteer financial advice to neighborhood businessmen.

JAMES TOBIN, 54, the holder of Yale's Sterling Chair of Economics, is the group's intellectual giant and the economist who has most influenced McGovern personally. A member of the Council of Economic Advisers during the early Kennedy years, Tobin became one of the first advocates of giving minimum-income grants to the poor through the tax system and advanced a program along those lines in the Brookings Institution's widely discussed 1968 book, *Agenda for the Nation*. Tobin believes that income redistribution should be financed by enlarging the personal income tax base through the elimination of personal exemptions and standard deductions, and by including income that is now sheltered from taxation, such as capital gains. Tobin is esteemed by his peers, who elected him president of the 18,000-member American Economic Association for the 1971 term. A soft-spoken and shy scholar who describes himself as "an ivory-tower economist," Tobin is expected to stay out of Washington if McGovern wins, but he could wield considerable clout from the campus.

MARC ROBERTS, 29, is an associate professor at Harvard and a close friend of both Thurow and Kuh, who helped recruit him. A specialist in the economics of pollution control, Roberts has also worked on figuring the costs of McGovern's "conversion" program—the job retraining and unemployment payments to defense workers that will be necessary if the Pentagon's budget is cut by \$32 billion, as McGovern proposes. Roberts is hardly a youthful radical. One reason that he likes McGovern, he says, is that the Senator "has absorbed the lesson of the past 20 years that a big Government bureaucracy may not be the answer to our problems."

RAY FAIR, 29, a Princeton assistant professor, has focused primarily on providing McGovern with short-term forecasts of the economy's performance and drafting full-employment plans. Along with fellow Princetonian William Branson, he is the author of the Senator's proposal for a \$10 billion pump-priming infusion of federal funds into public projects that would, according to their projections, lower the unemployment rate from 5.5% to 4% or less. Brisk and talkative, Fair has been gratified to see many of his memos appear almost verbatim in McGovern's speeches and congressional testimony.

GORDON WEIL, 35, while not an economist (he holds a Ph.D. from Colum-



INTELLECTUAL MENTOR JAMES TOBIN
Powder for the bombshells.

bia in government), is the liaison between the candidate and his advisers. Some of the latter complain that Weil shielded McGovern too tightly from their thoughts—including their second ones on how much some programs might cost—with the result that the Senator has had to retreat from much of his original arithmetic. Weil admits that while drafting the widely criticized April summary of McGovern's economic positions, "I did not expect it to be subject to this kind of scrutiny." Nevertheless, he maintains that "we have been as specific as anyone is" in the early stages of a campaign. A onetime press spokesman for the Common Market headquarters in Brussels, Weil is agreeable to comparisons between McGovern's program and the largely managed economies of Western Europe. "Subconsciously I was prepared to accept and articulate this program because I learned my economics in Europe," he says. Should McGovern be elected, those comparisons would become suddenly more relevant to the New World.

SOCIAL SECURITY

Up Every Year

Congress has lately made two additions to the brief list of certainties in American life. Social Security benefits will go up automatically in every year that there is significant inflation—and the Social Security taxes paid by many middle- and higher-income workers will rise in every year that there is no full-scale depression. Those are the effects of two little-noticed escalator clauses tucked into the Social Security bill that President Nixon grudgingly signed on July 1.

The clauses were overshadowed in public discussion by the immediate benefits and tax boosts written into the law. Beginning in September, benefits paid to the 27 million Social Security recipients will rise 20%: the average retired couple will get \$271 a month, v. \$224 now. The increase is four times as large

as Nixon had proposed, and it will add more than \$4 billion to the fiscal 1973 deficit. The President had to sign, though, because Congress tied the bill to an extension of the debt ceiling: a veto would have left the Government unable to write any checks.

Social Security taxes next year will be taken out of the first \$10,800 of a worker's pay, and in 1974 out of the first \$12,000, way up from the first \$9,000 now. The tax rate will rise too, but only from 5.2% to 5.5%. Result: anyone earning \$12,000 a year will pay \$468 this year, \$594 next year and \$660 in 1974. But he will not really feel this bite until late 1973—almost a year after the elections. This year deductions from his paycheck stop at the end of September; next year they will continue through late November, and in 1974 they will go on all year.

When the escalators begin operating in 1975, they will change the system fundamentally. From then on, benefits will be lifted automatically to match any rise in consumer prices of 3% a year or more. That change will do away with the necessity for periodic congressional wrangles over how much to increase benefits. It will also give the elderly, widows and disabled people new and valuable protection against inflation. On the other hand, it may speed up inflation.

From 1975 on, also, the amount of earnings on which Social Security taxes are levied will go up every year in line with the general rise of wages in the economy. The taxable wage base could easily reach \$15,000 by 1978, and \$20,000 sometime in the 1980s. Over the years, this change could drastically shift the impact of Social Security taxes, which in the past have hit hardest at low-paid workers. Unless Congress changes the law, taxes on people earning \$12,000 a year or less will not go up at all after 1974, but many people who make more can expect to pay more every year. The \$15,000-a-year worker who pays \$468 this year could be shelling out \$825 in 1978. That is a fair sample of the kind of tax boosts likely to hit the middle class in the next four years, whoever is elected in November. Government spending has simply outrun the revenue-raising capacity of the tax system, and something—or rather someone—has to give.

PHASE II

High Half-Time Score

Less than a year ago, politicians in both parties were predicting that the economy would be Richard Nixon's Achilles' heel in the election campaign. But as the 1972 economy moves into its second half, the outlook continues to brighten so steadily that the Democrats may have to stick to issues like tax reform and income redistribution. Preliminary reports of the econo-



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SE75


THE ECONOMY

my's performance in the March-June quarter are that the gross national product scored about a \$30 billion quarterly increase. Though the gain was off slightly from the first quarter's \$30.6 billion, this time more of the increase was "real" and less was due to inflation. Corporate profits are sparkling and some economists are talking about a 17% to 20% gain over last year. Industrial production continues to pick up. Consumers are spending more freely, particularly on autos.

Even areas that remained sluggish throughout the winter and early spring are starting to move. Manufacturers' inventories rose \$410 million in May, nearly six times the average increase for the previous twelve months. Exports have begun to revive. Unemployment is still much too steep, but the rate dropped last month from 5.9% to 5.5%, the lowest in 20 months. The heartening decline was due partly to a large seasonal adjustment for the annual flood of June graduates. White House economists are not sure why relatively few of them are listed as unemployed this year. "They must be out working for McGovern," quipped a top Administration official. In a more serious vein, IBM Chief Economist David Grove, a member of *TIME*'s Board of Economists says: "The economy is improving enough to develop an upward momentum of its own, one that is capable of withstanding adverse news." Wholesale prices in June rose a discouragingly large one-half percentage point for the second straight month. Last week the President called in members of his Cost of Living Council to discuss ways to moderate rises in food prices.

Short Memories. Interest rates have begun to creep up again, as more and more banks are raising their prime rate to above 54%—a move that may have a ripple-up effect on home-mortgage and auto-loan rates. Moreover, the nation has lost billions of dollars in unrealized profits and wages because the President undertook a disastrous campaign to slow the economy early in his Administration. Nixon's economic advisers are counting on voters having short memories.

The fate of the economy after November's election is murky. Corporate profits will be so strong this year that labor unions will be inspired to ask for even larger-than-usual wage increases. Many major labor contracts expire next year—including those of the Teamsters and auto, electrical and rubber workers. Intolerably high settlements in any one of these labor negotiations could wreck the Administration's wage controls. The current fiscal year's budget has already begun to swell beyond its officially anticipated \$27 billion; budget officials now say that it may well hit \$35 billion. Whoever recaptures or inherits the White House may find that the economy is again a sensitive political issue after the first half of 1973.



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EAST-WEST TRADE

The Arrival of a New Era

U.S. trade with the Communist world last year totaled \$612 million, less than the nation's commerce with Colombia. If the events of last week are any indication, however, a new era has begun for East-West trade. The Commerce Department, urged on by President Nixon, granted the Boeing Co. a license to export \$150 million worth of jet equipment to China. Representatives of dozens of U.S. firms returned from a high-level meeting in Warsaw aimed at

other customer: 64% annually, with the entire loan repaid within three years after the last delivery. As recently as Nixon's summit trip to Moscow in May, Soviet negotiators were insisting on interest rates only half as large. Said Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, who showed American farms to Soviet Agriculture Minister Vladimir Matskevich last fall: "The agreement does not involve subsidies to the Russians."

The Soviet purchases will boost 1972-1975 grain exports by 17% above their average for the past three years (\$1.5 billion), which should bring many an expectant smile to grain-belt farmers. Moreover, since the U.S. did not agree to buy anything from the Russians in return, the deal will wipe off \$250 million of the nation's horrendous balance-of-payments deficits during each of the next three years. Commerce Secretary Peter G. Peterson will try to build on the momentum later this month, when he is scheduled to visit Moscow to discuss other trade matters. He will likely find the Soviets expecting the U.S. to offer bigger concessions next time, but at least one specific new step is anticipated during his visit: agreement on a joint East-West Trade Commission whose job would be to increase U.S.-Soviet trade.

Workhorse. Meanwhile, nine Boeing representatives have been in Peking negotiating with Russia's eastern neighbor since April for the sale of ten Boeing 707 jetliners—four passenger models and six cargo versions. The White House expects the deal to be closed next month. The hard-bargaining Chinese will pay in cash with Western currencies for the planes, a supply of spare parts and training for Chinese crews. Ultimately, the Chinese may need 80 more planes, and they have already expressed interest in a Boeing 747 jumbo jet.

Boeing has also been vying with McDonnell Douglas, Lockheed, British Aircraft Corp., France's Aérospatiale and the Soviet Union's Aviaexport. What gave Boeing a wing up on its rivals at the moment? For one thing, the Chinese have observed plenty of long-range 707s in service to China with Air France and Pakistan International, and they liked the reliable workhorse.

Nixon has taken a special interest in pushing the Boeing deal, in keeping with his intention to improve U.S. ties with China. Pentagon officials tried to shoot down the Boeing sale last month on the grounds that the six cargo models could be used to ferry military supplies to North Viet Nam. But Nixon had

his technology counselor, William Ma-gruder, silence the obstructionists.

While Boeing executives were negotiating in Peking, some 200 officials of Western firms, most of them American, were jawing in Warsaw with about 100 managers of state enterprises, economists and trade officials in from East Europe. The roster of capitalists read like a who's who of corporate aristocracy: Boeing, First National City Bank, Du Pont, Chrysler, Bank of America, NCR, Monsanto, Avon, Coca-Cola and Sperry Rand, as well as Unilever, Renault, Fiat, Industrial Bank of Japan and British-American Tobacco. The gathering explored solutions to the problems that prevent increased East-



HARVESTING & REPLANTING U.S. WHEAT
A blockbuster deal in grain.

substantially increasing U.S. trade with Eastern Europe. Then, at week's end the White House announced a blockbuster: the Soviet Union has signed a three-year, \$750 million agreement for the purchase of American grains—on terms extremely favorable to the U.S. It was the largest grain deal ever made between two countries.

The Russians need grain because their own harvests are not expected to fill quotas set in the current Five-Year Plan, especially for feed-grains used in meat production. Under last week's agreement, which was announced at the Western White House by National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger, Moscow can buy any combination of U.S. wheat, corn, sorghum, rye, oats and barley that it chooses, at the going market rate. The Soviets' biggest concession was to accept the same financing that the Agriculture Department's Commodity Credit Corporation gives any



BUTZ & MATSKEVICH IN WASHINGTON
No subsidies for the Russians.

West trade—barriers like government trade restrictions and the East's shortage of hard currency.

Eastern European officials said that they are in the mood for joint ventures. A Polish economist, Zbigniew Kamocki, suggested an arrangement that would circumvent Warsaw's rules against joint ownership: a plant could be set up in Poland by a Western firm, operated by a holding company headquartered in the West but technically owned by Poland. The venture would be financed with hard currency by the Western firm, and both partners would share the profits. Author Samuel Pisar (*Co-existence and Commerce*), co-chairman of the conference, suggested that such hybrids are the key to much more East-West trade. Indeed, Gulf Oil officers are discussing what could be a \$3 billion joint undertaking with Japan and the Soviet Union to exploit the vast Siberian oilfields of Tyumen.

BANKING

Secret Storm, 1984

On a quiet day on Capitol Hill two years ago, an apparently innocuous piece of legislation completed its journey through Congress and was shortly signed into law. The Bank Secrecy Act, yawningly endorsed by many bankers, was intended to help the Government curb tax cheaters and Mafia magnates by reducing the illegal flow of money to foreign banks. At the time there was almost no opposition to and precious little interest in the law. Today it is at the center of banking's biggest brouhaha in years.

In a desperate fight to quash the law, leaders of the banking establishment have been joined by lawyers from the American Civil Liberties Union. The problem, those strange bedfellows agree, is a set of chillingly Orwellian regulations that the Treasury has drawn up to implement the law. According to the rules, banks must microfilm the front and back of virtually every check that each U.S. citizen writes; store those records for five years in case Government gumshoes ever want a look at them (without notification to the person being investigated); keep records of every non-real estate loan of more than \$5,000 made to an individual; keep records of every transfer of more than \$10,000 to places outside the U.S.; report to the Government any deposit or withdrawal of more than \$10,000 from a personal checking account and any foreign deposit or withdrawal of more than \$5,000. In addition, Americans who travel abroad with more than \$5,000 in cash or traveler's checks must notify the Treasury Department before they leave, or risk up to five years in jail or a \$10,000 fine. Treasury investigators can pass along to other Government agencies any of the personal financial records that they dig up.

Witch Hunt. Bankers complain that the new record keeping requirements will cost them a fortune. For example, the Bank of America's burden, its officers estimate, would be at least \$500,000 a year. Attorneys for the American Civil Liberties Union fear that bankers will be asked to turn over their personal financial information for use in political witch hunts. "The act attempts to make bankers the spies of the Government," says Charles Marson, head of the ACLU's northern California legal division. "It is a total invasion of privacy."

The California Bankers Association and the ACLU recently filed separate suits to prevent the regulations from taking effect as scheduled on July 1, charging that the law violates the constitutional protection against unreasonable search and seizure. Last week a federal judge in California granted a temporary order suspending the law until a three-judge panel can rule next week on its constitutionality. Mean-

while, bankers have to keep the records, but Senator John Tunney has vowed to introduce a bill to prohibit them from handing out financial information without either a customer's consent or a court order.

SHIPPING

Ebb Tide in New York

Since the days of the three-masters, merchant seamen the world over have regarded New York harbor as by far the U.S.'s premier port of call. Now the tide is changing. Chronic labor strife, rampant pilferage and the rising cost of doing business are forcing many shippers to steer around the Port of New York, which is an 833-mile labyrinth of piers stretching from northern New Jersey to western Long Island. Less than 13% of the nation's ocean-borne foreign trade passes through the port, a drop of more than 50% in the past three decades. The beneficiaries of New York's decline are other East Coast port cities—Miami, Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and Portland, Me.

Some New York dock workers are stealing themselves right out of jobs. Pilferage is so pervasive that not even the increasing use of sealed metal containers the size of 20-ft. truck trailers stops it. In the past two years, at least 26—and perhaps many more—huge containers have been stolen. Large stretches of the waterfront are poorly policed because jurisdiction is splintered among the bi-state Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, the Waterfront Commission and a host of other agencies. Much of the work falls to private police hired by the pier owners, but many owners are afraid of reprisals from dock workers if they crack down on pilferage. Importers, exporters and wholesalers often fail to report thefts for fear of being hit by steep insurance-rate increases. Says a top shipping broker: "Any stevedore caught pilfering in Philadelphia or other ports is blacklisted by his union, but in New York both labor leaders and owners look the other way."

Through repeated strikes, the International Longshoremen's Association has forced New York stevedoring companies into a contract guaranteeing longshoremen 2,080 hours of pay each year, whether or not there is work to be done. Says a New York-based ship operator: "The union contracts are negotiated between the dock workers and the stevedoring companies; but the companies that suffer the most are the shipping firms that have invested a lot in facilities in New York. Higher costs simply drive their business away."

More than a few shippers have packed up and left the troubled port. Last fall, United Fruit shifted its banana loading to Albany, 124 miles up the Hudson River. Company officials expect that distribution costs will be lower out of Albany, even though the

new location adds eleven hours of travel time. Some Midwestern shippers are abandoning U.S. docks entirely in favor of ports at Saint John, New Brunswick, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. Canadian laws permit railroads and shipping companies to offer combined freight rates at substantial discounts; such discounts are prohibited in the U.S. Even such distinctively U.S. products as *Playboy* magazine, Kodak film, and Michigan beans (which in a later incarnation are known as Boston baked beans) now depart from Canadian ports for their worldwide destinations.

The consequences of this seepage of business from New York are painfully evident. Mile upon mile of piers lie abandoned, their timbers breaking off to float in the harbor tides, a menace to shipping. The great majority of Manhattan's 72 piers are useless, most

BY DAVID NEW



TUMBLEDOWN PIER AT JERSEY CITY
Stealing themselves out of jobs.

of them so badly neglected that Army Corps of Engineers salvage vessels must retrieve them in pieces as the waves take their inevitable toll.

To reverse the trend, Port Authority officials are banking on vast containership facilities on the port's fringes in Brooklyn, Staten Island and New Jersey. Containership operations greatly reduce the time and manpower needed to load and unload vessels. The port was an early leader in construction of container terminals, and many more are being planned. But even the port's undisputed leadership in this field seems insufficient to halt the diversion of cargo to the newer and smaller Canadian and Southern containership terminals, where costs are lower. Until the overall cost of doing business in New York becomes truly competitive, the Port Authority's commitment to containerization will seem rather like building sand castles in the path of the incoming tide.

EXECUTIVES

Wagnerian Era

A typically worldly, multilingual Dutchman, who spent part of his youth as an anti-Nazi resistance fighter, has just taken over the top job in a globe-spanning industrial empire that employs 165,000 people, owns and charts a fleet of 200 ships and lately has encountered some rough weather. Gerrit ("Gerry") Wagner became chairman of the seven-man committee that runs Royal Dutch/Shell, which is the world's biggest industrial enterprise outside the U.S. as well as the second largest oil complex (after Jersey Standard). The son of a Dutch businessman, Wagner joined Royal Dutch in 1946 and spent 17 years running its petroleum operations in Venezuela and other countries.

Like many other oil firms, Royal Dutch/Shell faces dwindling profit margins, stifling antipollution laws and inflating demands from producing countries for more money. Partly because of an economic slowdown in Europe and a leveling in earnings of its U.S. subsidiary, Shell Oil, the Royal Dutch group saw profits fall 35% in this year's first quarter, to \$192 million. Predicts Wagner: "On the whole, 1972 is not going to be a very attractive year."

Wagner has not outlined his strategy for reversing the trend in the \$13-billion-a-year group. Though a strong advocate of the profit motive, he believes that a company has a larger obligation to society. While others in his industry have criticized controls on pollution, for example, Wagner has all but embraced them. As he told *TIME* European Economic Correspondent Roger Beardwood: "We are all part of the world—the employees, the stockholders, my family, me and the most radical stu-

dents. We must reduce pollution, but we cannot do it overnight. Some developed countries are reluctant to industrialize further because they do not want to pay the price of pollution, overcrowding and noise. I would argue that industrialization is not bad, but there are limits."

As oil becomes scarcer, it will become costlier, Wagner asserts, and companies must search harder for alternative sources of energy, particularly from coal. "We can make gas from coal while it is still in the mine, and we can make oil from coal. Coal has a future, and a very long one; the world has coal reserves for hundreds of years, not just for half a century, as it has for oil." He also argues that the world should limit its use of energy: "At the moment we waste some of it, using it as if there were no tomorrow. We overheat our buildings in winter and freeze them in the summer. What we have to do is spend relatively more on insulating our buildings properly and rather less on heating and cooling them."

Wagner also insists that industrial nations must put more money into mass transit and less into autos. "The car is making our cities uninhabitable," he says. "That may sound silly from somebody who sells gasoline. But better mass transit is mandatory because it does not waste as much space and energy as the car does." Wagner does not always need a gasoline guzzler to get around; he recently bought a bicycle and cycles frequently along The Netherlands' picturesque canal banks.

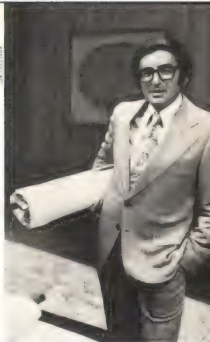
CONSTRUCTION

Broad Builds Up

Young Eli Broad, a bright, broke, freshly certified public accountant, closed what proved to be his most important deal in 1956: in exchange for free space in the small Detroit office of Builder Donald Kaufman, he agreed to do the contractor's bookkeeping. Broad quickly sensed that rich rewards awaited anyone who could bring order to the splintered, untidy, often wasteful world of home building. Within months, the accountant and the contractor formed Kaufman and Broad Building Co. and laid the foundation for one of the industry's fastest-growing giants.

Today the Los Angeles-based company, under 39-year-old Chairman Broad (rhymes with road), is the nation's second largest home builder, behind ITT Levitt. In the last five years, K. & B. sales jumped by a phenomenal average of 50% annually, to last year's \$225 million. Last week the company reported that, partly as a result of acquisitions, after-tax profits in the year's first half jumped 92% to \$7,800,000.

From the start, the company aimed at the large, lower end of the housing market (buyers with incomes from \$7,000 to \$22,000). In 1957, the company's first homes were built without



K. & B. CHIEF WITH HOUSING PLANS
Aiming at the large lower end.

cellars or landscaping, but the price was alluring: \$13,500. On the weekend that the models were opened in Detroit, the firm wrote \$250,000 worth of orders, which was ten times the amount the partners had put up to start the firm.

In an industry in which most firms are local or regional, K. & B. reached well beyond Detroit, spreading to California, Phoenix and on to Chicago, New York and New Jersey. It pushed into Canada and France and last year began in Germany. Broad is exuberant about home-building potential in Europe, noting that "they are just where we were right after World War II."

Broad, who has been chief since Kaufman's retirement in 1965, knows relatively little about building a house and lets others make technical innovations and aesthetic improvements. He gives great autonomy to the company's local division heads, and many have become paper millionaires through the K. & B. stock-option plan. K. & B.'s homes look much like the repetitively designed houses put up by many other builders. Broad's main concern is mass producing and selling a product that happens to be housing but could just as easily be bed springs or toenail clippers. Says Broad: "We are a manufacturing company."

To keep the price of his housing down, Broad cuts costs in many ways. Unlike many builders, he believes that tying up money in long-term land holdings is wasteful and inefficient. K. & B. never buys property until it is ready to use it; usually within six to nine months of acquiring land, the company is selling houses on it. K. & B.'s size also allows Broad to save on material by buying preassembled units like doors and windows in large cut-rate lots.

As a publicly traded company,

ROYAL DUTCH/ SHELL CHAIRMAN IN OFFICE



BUSINESS

K. & B. can sell its own commercial paper instead of taking out more expensive bank loans. The company's stock has generally been a fast riser: anyone who bought \$10 worth five years ago now has, after splits and dividends, an investment worth \$540. Using stock, Broad last year acquired Baltimore's cash-rich Sun Life Insurance Co., which in the last six months has added \$2,100,000 to K. & B. profits. Sun Life meshes well with K. & B., because it can sell a package of fire, theft and accident insurance to home buyers.

Ever the prudent accountant, Broad held back a few years ago when many firms went into the production of factory-constructed module homes and wound up struggling with many still unresolved technical problems. Instead, K. & B. turned to trailer-like mobile homes and last year sold 9,300 of them. In Broad's view, mobile-home production gives his company valuable—and profitable—experience. When the mass production of houses in factories becomes practical, K. & B. will be ready to exploit that development—without having wasted money on numerous false starts.

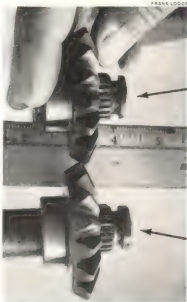
AUTOS

The Wayward Vega

Proud, confident but somewhat irritated, General Motors Chairman Richard Gerstenberg has been running his own campaign to counter the bad publicity tied to the company's recent rash of auto recalls. A few weeks ago he told members of the Pontiac, Mich., service clubs that G.M. is now conducting fewer recalls than in the past. Between 1960 and 1966 the company had 111 auto recalls, compared with 94 during the past six years. Savoring his point, Gerstenberg concluded: "We build them better—much better."

Perhaps Gerstenberg spoke too soon. The day after he gave his speech, Chevrolet dealers were notified to prepare for the biggest recall yet of the subcompact Vega, one of the little cars that were introduced with much promise as America's answer to the import invasion. It is the third embarrassing time within three months that Chevy has had to issue Vega recall notices. First, drivers discovered a faulty fuel and exhaust system that could start a fire in the carburetor. Then a poorly designed bracket for holding an antipollution device caused some throttles to stick in an open position. Now some 500,000 Vegas, nearly all the models that Chevy has produced, are being recalled.

In 15 cases the rear axles and wheels had slipped out from their normal positions, causing minor accidents, and so far Chevy has found defective axles in another 44 cars. It is possible, G.M. dealers believe, that about another 140 Vegas still have defective rear axles. Because they are a fraction of an inch too



SHORT AXLE END (TOP) WITH NORMAL END
Production error—but whose?

short, wheels and axles can come loose from the cars. Says James McLernon, Chevy's manufacturing manager: "We made a terrible mistake, and the worst part of it is we just don't know how it could have happened."

Unlike the first two recalls, which were the result of foul-ups by G.M.'s corps of highly praised engineers, the latest error was caused by workers on the speedy production line. Just how, nobody really knows. G.M. has traced the problem to its plant in Buffalo, which has been making G.M. parts for no less than 50 years. It is believed that defective shafts were accidentally shipped to the Vega assembly plant in Lordstown, Ohio, instead of being placed in specially colored orange chutes reserved for faulty parts. At the Buffalo plant the machine operators work under a "pride of workmanship" program and inspect the axles themselves. Then other inspectors double-check. Since G.M. discovered the problem in early May, the axles have been inspected a third time at the Vega assembly plant.

The real trouble is that the frequent recalls have caused consumers to wonder about the efficiency of U.S. industry. If the world's largest and presumably most advanced manufacturing company cannot mass-produce a product without making a mistake that inconveniences half a million customers, who can? In a recent Harris Poll, only 30% of the people interviewed believed that the quality of American products had improved in the past year, down from 37% last year. Probably the time has come for the automaker and other manufacturers to slow their production lines and spend more time and money on checking out quality instead of concentrating on quantity.

MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Peter Ustinov, 51, Britain's bearish author, director, raconteur and two-time Academy Award winner for acting (*Spartacus* in 1960, *Topkapi* in 1964); and Helene du-Laud-Allemans, French-born journalist; he for the third time, she for the first; on June 17 on Corsica. In declining to give his bride's age, Ustinov cracked: "She is younger than I am, but not so young as to make marriage to an elderly gentleman ridiculous."

Died. Brandon de Wilde, 30, whose acting debut at age seven in Broadway's *The Member of the Wedding* led to a major movie role in *Shane*, his own '50s television series, *Jamie*, and a career of supporting roles; of injuries suffered in an automobile accident, in Denver.

Died. Talal I, 65, former King of Jordan who ascended the throne after the assassination of his father Abdullah in 1951, but was declared insane eleven months later by Jordan's Parliament and was succeeded by his 17-year-old son, the present King Hussein, in Istanbul.

Died. Raúl Leoni, 67, former President of Venezuela; of cancer; in Manhattan. Having survived political imprisonment and exile as a foe of military dictatorships, Leoni won the presidency in 1963 and served for five uneasy years. His Democratic Action Party lost the next election by a scant 33,000 votes, but Leoni broke with his country's tradition of political violence by welcoming his successor, Rafael Caldera, into office. "Civilization," Leoni declared, "has triumphed."

Died. Athenagoras I, 86, Ecumenical Patriarch and spiritual leader of some 250 million Eastern Orthodox Christians (see RELIGION).

Died. Joseph Fielding Smith, 95, tenth president and "prophet, seer and revelator" of the 3,000,000-member Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; in Salt Lake City. Son of the Mormons' sixth president and grandnephew of its martyred founder, Smith rose to the presidency two years ago because of his seniority on the governing Council of the Twelve. The author of a score of books on church history and policy, he was a leader of conservative cut and a stern opponent of doctrinal changes. Smith's successor will be Harold Bingham Lee, 73.

Died. George Schuster, 99, who, with a four-cylinder Thomas Flyer in 1908, won a 169-day global automobile race—New York to Paris via Siberia—thereby earning international praise for the nascent U.S. auto industry; of a heart attack; in Springville, N.Y.

The Sounds of Silence

VOICES FROM THE PLAIN OF JARS.

LIFE UNDER AN AIR WAR

compiled, with an Introduction and Preface, by FRED BRANFMAN
160 pages. Harper Colophon Books.
\$1.95.

The publisher of this modest-looking paperback recently explained its meager promotion budget by telling the author, "The war just isn't selling any more." Maybe not in the bookstores, but it's still going strong in Southeast Asia.

The war Fred Branfman writes about is the U.S. bombing campaign in Laos, hardly an overworked subject,

but the bombs and high explosives—more than a ton for every Pathet Lao guerrilla, NVA soldier and civilian in the area. The bombing was intended to harass the Communists and drive the local population out of the Plain of Jars into southern regions controlled by the Royal Laotian government. Throughout that period, the air war over the Plain of Jars remained an official secret on two of the sides involved. North Viet Nam has never admitted that its troops are operating in Laos; until October 1969, the U.S. repeatedly denied it was bombing in northern Laos; then it insisted that civilian targets were rarely if ever attacked.

Over the years some 60% of the

FRED BRANFMAN



Drawing by a 21-year-old teacher: "I knew the war and was very afraid, but I could not flee. At that time there were small airplanes which shot bullets down where we slept. I ran away to seek my friends in the forest, but as soon as I ran out, they shot up my house."

and the "voices" he records have rarely been heard. They come from the ground beneath the air war, and they belong to peasants who lived on the Plain of Jars in Laos' verdant Xieng Khouang province, one of the secret battlefields of the war. Eight years ago, the U.S. Mission in Laos designated their farms and villages part of a new Communist "social and economic infrastructure"; in the years since, the Air Force has bombed them with increasing intensity.

In May 1964, the area fell under the control of the Pathet Lao and a small number of North Vietnamese army troops and advisers. For the next 51 years U.S. airpower bore down on the Plain of Jars, ostensibly to support the efforts of CIA-backed Meo tribesmen to recapture the province. Bombers flew daily and sometimes hourly at attack sorties, a total of 25,000 missions, dropping an estimated 75,000 tons of napalm, white phosphorus, antiperson-

nel bombs and high explosives—more than a ton for every Pathet Lao guerrilla, NVA soldier and civilian in the area. The bombing was intended to harass the Communists and drive the local population out of the Plain of Jars into southern regions controlled by the Royal Laotian government. Throughout that period, the air war over the Plain of Jars remained an official secret on two of the sides involved. North Viet Nam has never admitted that its troops are operating in Laos; until October 1969, the U.S. repeatedly denied it was bombing in northern Laos; then it insisted that civilian targets were rarely if ever attacked.

Peasants who previously had barely known what an airplane was quickly learned to distinguish a T-28 from an F-105: "In the eleventh month of 1968, two F-4H planes flew over and bombed

my village for 45 minutes," writes a 16-year-old. "They dropped eight napalm bombs, the fire from which burned all my things, 16 buildings along with all our possessions inside, as well as maiming our animals. Some people who didn't reach the jungle in time were struck and fell, dying most pitifully." A 69-year-old former monk describes the destruction of a pagoda he had helped build in 1916, and a young man testifies to how successful the bombing was in driving the population out of Pathet Lao territory: "We saw that it wouldn't end, and we fled to the side of the government of Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Prime Minister. Because the war was so severe, we had to flee from our homes, rice fields and paddies, cows and buffalo and come here in poverty."

Black Crows. Such testimony firmly establishes that of all the warring forces that raged around them—from Pathet Lao to Meo tribesmen and Royal Laotian Army regulars—the peasants of the Plain of Jars most hated and feared the "black crows" of the U.S. Air Force. Despite inevitable repetition, and the primitiveness of their writings and drawings, the peasants make that point far more vividly than Western antiwar critics with all their articulate and occasionally overwrought outrage—Author Branfman included.

The eyewitness accounts collected here also make shabby all official U.S. doubletalk intended to deny or obscure what has actually been inflicted on Laotian civilians by American airpower, especially since 1968. Branfman ends his book by quoting without comment a May 1971 letter to Michigan Senator Robert Griffin from David M. Abshire, Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations: "The rules do not permit attacks on nonmilitary targets and place out-of-bounds all inhabited villages... We deeply regret the fate of all victims of the war, both those killed by North Vietnamese action and those whose lives have been lost or disrupted as a consequence of the defense of their country." ■ Sirobe Talbot

Blazoning the Heavens

THE DISCOVERY OF OUR GALAXY

by CHARLES A. WHITNEY
308 pages. Knopf. \$10.

THE BEAUTY OF THE UNIVERSE

by HANS ROHR, translated and revised by ARTHUR BEER
87 pages. Viking. \$10.

The Rosette in Monoceros. The Veil in Cygnus. The Ring Nebula in Lyra. Even the names have a special loveliness. Say them aloud: the Cluster in Berenice's Hair, the Horseshoe in Orion, the Crab Nebula in Taurus. As science presses its probes to the most inner recesses of the mind, to the most minute structures of matter and the very processes of life, jubilation may be called

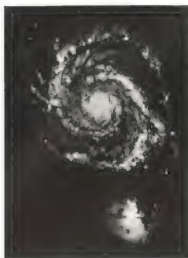


**To the Millers,
green lights
and blue skies is
a check for \$39,700.**

Not only that, but the check arrived shortly after their home burned down. Because a while back, they worked out a Homeowners policy with their Farmers agent. It gave them maximum coverage against bad news like storms, thefts, lawsuits and fires. And since it was all in one package, it saved them money. Farmers Insurance Group specializes in finding new ways to help you live secure and drive secure—through life, home and auto insurance you can afford.



with good guys to look after you.



CANES VENATICI
Pinwheels of emerald.

for, or anxiety. But only the astronomers, searching out the reaches of space that are the boundaries of time as well, can evoke a sense of might and beauty that inspires reverence.

Two professional astronomers have published books that blazon the heavens for the layman. Professor Charles Whitney of Harvard has jotted down from his readings in the history of his own science a carelessly graceful, highly personal account of the long evolution of the idea that our sun is merely one star, of unexceptional luminosity, located near the rim of a vast wheel of stars more numerous than the sands of the seashore. This spiral galaxy in turn is merely one among a countless number.

Whitney is often felicitous, and only sometimes obviously secondhand. He is at his best in an engaging account of William Herschel, an 18th century oboist who deserted the Prussian army, emigrated to England, and at the age of 35 turned to building telescopes. Herschel was possibly the greatest observational astronomer in history. One night in December 1779, he was looking at the moon through a telescope he had built. A gentleman asked to look and "expressed great satisfaction at the view." The gentleman was soon a friend, who introduced Herschel to the Royal Society and to King George III. Herschel soon became the court astronomer, showing Saturn to the princesses at Windsor. This happy chain of encounters, as Whitney retells it, typifies the charm and enthusiasm not only of Herschel but of the book as well.

Future Suns. Herschel described the Great Nebula in the Sword of Orion as "an unformed fiery mist, the chaotic material of future suns." Today's astronomers have far more powerful instruments than Herschel had, but the description stands. The photos of the nebula and other far-out phenomena in Whitney's book are copious and often stirring. They are bettered, how-

ever, by Hans Rohr, general secretary of the Swiss Astronomical Society, in what is essentially a book of pictures with extended captions. Many of Rohr's illustrations are in color. Starlight is white to the eye even through telescopes, but the fault is the eye's. Now the true mixture of colors has been captured with new film and carefully controlled exposures. The results are stunning. The filamentary clouds that surround the Pleiades are blue. The Veil in Cygnus is a flutter of gauze, violet shading to blue. The nebula M51 in Canes Venatici is a breathtaking pinwheel of emerald and turquoise studded with diamonds. The wheels within wheels of the Great Nebula in Andromeda are as stupendous as its haunting name, all lime green with a nucleus of glowing citrine. ■ Horace Judson

Black and White

REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER

by JAMES MILLS

284 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$6.95.

A few weeks ago New York newspapers played up what looked like a Halloween-party picture in June. It showed a shapely young woman who was wearing the headress of a ghost costume and a revolver tucked in her belt. The lady was an undercover agent for the New York Police Department, testifying before a crime committee. She claimed that a narcotics indictment based on her work had been thrown out by the D.A. because it fingered one of his personal friends.

James Mills' first novel is about that kind of woman and that kind of world. Mills has written some remarkable articles about detective and police work. But he is best known for *A Panic in Needle Park*, a perferid account of drug addicts that became an Al Pacino movie. His next book, *The Prosecutor*, was an example of what Mills does as well as anyone writing now: hard, dogged, angry reporting about the morally hopeless, entanglements of big-city justice. The prosecutor of the title was an overworked D.A. trying to get a Mafia conviction and discovering every sinew of the law flexed against him.

When Mills, who is a plain but obsessive writer, turned to fiction, he did not swerve far. The subject of *Report to the Commissioner* is a pretty, blonde New York undercover narcotics agent who gets herself killed in the line of duty—which happens to involve being naked in the arms of a black heroin pusher. The problem is that the fatal shots were fired by another cop, an enterprising greenhorn detective who was not in on the girl's game.

An exciting if preposterous 22-hour standoff follows between the cop and the heroin pusher in, of all places, a Saks Fifth Avenue elevator. Outside, the television cameras roll while the police department brass squirm—and plot their

own survival. It is a tribute to Mills' adroitness that he swivels through this awkward and unlikely setup with few slips. (The few mistakes he makes are surprisingly careless: Saks has hand-operated elevators, for example, which would make his big scene unplayable.)

In a brisk season for cops-and-killers thrillers, *Report to the Commissioner* is as good technically as the recent *Friends of Eddie Coyle*, though it lacks that book's wild eloquence and humor. Mills has the knack of clothing anger in fact, and he is one of the few writers today who understand police work and can make policemen both believable and human. The most interesting thing about his novel is the squaring off between the young cop, whose name is Bo Lockley, and the police establishment. Bo is an inept, unskeptical idealist, "hurt by animals he didn't know were in the jungle." Of course the foolhardy girl agent should not have been allowed to pursue her plan of seducing the pusher in order to get information. But if she had succeeded, her superiors, who greedily let her risk her life, would have actually looked like effective officers. "He wanted a division, I wanted a squad," is the way one of them explained their motives. Through the use of a series of "tapes" that make up the final report to the commissioner, Mills is able to do the police in different voices: the cynic, the "book" man, the black who thinks of himself as "Negro," the Chief Inspector with a limited supply of courage.

The novel will be made into a movie next year. That should surprise no one, since it is seeded with cinematic possibilities, including a chase by a legless beggar on a skateboard. The film ought to be shot in black and white, since that is what the book is about.

■ Martha Duffy



JAMES MILLS
Hark, hark, the narc.

MEDICINE

Doctor for All Ills

When John Hilton Knowles was director of Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital, the elevator operator called him John, the nurses thought him charmingly handsome, and both the medical staff and trustees considered him something of a miracle worker. He burnished the hospital's already fine reputation. Under his leadership, the hospital's physical plant was partially rebuilt, while much of its ponderous bureaucracy was short-circuited. He promoted an extended-care unit for the aged and chronically ill, established clinics in Boston's heavily Italian North End and in depressed Charlestown. He engineered the opening at Logan Airport of a medical station linked with the main hospital for television diagnosis. He also had a humane eye for detail: he ordered the old wooden benches in M.G.H. waiting areas thrown out and replaced with groups of comfortable chairs. In ten years he increased annual donations sixteenfold, to \$4,000,000.

While becoming one of the nation's best known medical organizers, Knowles also earned the enmity of organized medicine. The American Medical Association helped to blackball him as too radical when Robert H. Finch wanted to make him Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in 1969. Only last month, the Massachusetts Medical Society formally censured him for accusing surgeons of performing too many operations for profit. Orthodox physicians are discomfited by his supercharged, fast-takeoff personality and his habit of shooting from the hip. Trained to shun publicity, they are scandalized by the fact that Knowles "talks in headlines" and gets a consistently good press. Last week the naturalized Brahmin moved to New York City to take over a new and more pow-

erful podium as president of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Being a new boy in town is nothing new to Knowles. The son of a World War I flying ace who became a successful drug company executive, Knowles attended schools, some private, in the cities where his father was stationed. After college (Harvard), he took his M.D. at Washington University in St. Louis, then interned at M.G.H. and was soon carving a promising career in research and the treatment of respiratory diseases. Ten years ago, when he was only 35, Knowles was named general director of M.G.H., the youngest in its 150-year history.

A firm believer in voluntary, private institutions, Knowles saw and still sees the big-city medical center, affiliated with a university, as the sun in a solar system of planetary hospitals and health

centers. It is on this score that he admits his worst defeat, for 18 suburban community hospitals would have none of his regional planning notions.

Last year Knowles felt ready for the challenges of a new job. Offered the presidency of troubled Boston University, he pondered it for weeks, then turned it down. The Rockefeller Foundation promised what he wanted. Last week, as he settled into the foundation's Manhattan offices, Knowles had already spent six months globetrotting in six countries, inspecting Rockefeller-financed projects in education, agriculture, development, nutrition and health. He had, he said, been learning fast. And characteristically, he already knew what he wanted the foundation to do.

One thing he does not want is yet another study of the American medical system. "We already know the facts," he says. "We have developed a fine after-the-fact, high-cost, highly technical, curative system. We have done this to the exclusion of developing services

KNOWLES: RELAXED IN HIS OWN POOL



ANGRY AT PUBLIC HEARING (RIGHT)



The Religion of John Knowles

Occasionally verbose but always articulate, John Knowles delivered himself of the following dicta in an interview with TIME's Ruth Galvin:

ON INDIVIDUALISM. "The great disjunction of the times, as we press toward equalization of access to vital services for all, and do this largely through taxation, is how are we simultaneously going to keep the idea in individuals' heads that they, individually, are going to make a difference? This is the major issue as numbers expand and there is a press toward the beneficent state. So we have the grand conflict between freedom, individualism, self-determination versus liberalism or equality, social justice, the good of the whole. Both are virtuous, but a healthy balance between them has never been more difficult to define and maintain."

ON SERVING OTHERS. "I was brought up in a strong puritan tradition, which valued hard work and self-reliance, com-

bined with the Calvinist approach to life, that you should put back into it more than you take out. If you have a good education and don't have to worry about money all the time, you have a special obligation to serve others. . . . Though I'm no churchgoer now, I still consider myself a religious man. I particularly like Paul Tillich's definition of religion as a state of being grasped with an infinite concern. Because I am grasped with an infinite concern about where we've been, where we're going to be in the future."

ON QUALITY CONTROL. "The review of quality and the utilization of doctors and hospitals should be done jointly—not only by professionals, but also by consumers, working together. They have nothing to fear from each other. . . . That's not to say that I believe that professionals are beasts, or aviricous. It's just that they're human beings."

ON THE A.M.A. "I have no personal vendettas whatsoever with organized medicine. I'm far too busy for that. I have many friends in organized medicine and the medical societies, and I wish they would do much more, from the private sector, to resolve our pressing public issues."



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MEDICINE

with a high ratio of benefits to cost, such as rehabilitation, health education, preventive medicine, family planning services and the like. This has got to change." With the foundation's clout, disposing \$50 million a year in income from its \$800 million endowment, Knowles is the man to initiate change. He wants to use foundation-financed projects to determine how much the consumer gets for his health dollar, and of what quality, and how he can get more and better. Knowles believes that to survive, the private practice of medicine and private health insurance must give the patient a better break, or big government will take over everything.

For the longer term, Knowles' aims extend far beyond the purely medical field: "We must be concerned with the total health of the community—nutrition, education, welfare, justice, pollution, the availability of jobs, of decent housing." If he has his way, the Rockefeller Foundation will spend little on services that meet needs already recognized, but will stake out areas in public health and other fields where the problems have not yet been defined.

The Quick Clyster. Almost unanimously, those who have served under Knowles speak with adulation of his accessibility, of his willingness to give subordinates a free hand so long as they were doing well. In his Boston years, Knowles put in grueling days—in the office at 7 a.m. and seldom getting to his home near the Country Club in Brookline before 7 o'clock at night. The Knowleses (his wife comes of a wealthy stockbroking family) have six children aged ten to 18. Now Knowles begins his lectures on family planning by conceding that he is "not a prime example of responsibility in this area." But, he explains, his medical education included nothing on population or family planning, and his youngest child was born before Knowles recognized overpopulation as a problem.

To keep fit, Knowles plays squash and golf at his several clubs. Membership in ethnically exclusive clubs would have been a handicap at Boston University, and Knowles says that he would have resigned from them if necessary.) He gave up cigarettes years ago, now smokes only an occasional ceremonial cigar. Knowles is a determined part-time author. He first wrote technical medical books, has recently finished a collection of essays on health care, and is planning his next opus on "what the '60s and '70s mean to this country." To an extensive library of American history and the social sciences, Knowles the bibliophile is adding works on the history of medicine. As a footnote to the history that Knowles is trying to make, Boston University two months ago gave him an honorary degree. Said the citation: "With the quick clyster of your ribaldry and moral outrage... you fed physic to your own profession. You purged it. You goosed the quack."

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Shangri-La in Burbank

In James Hilton's 1933 novel *Lost Horizon*, Shangri-La was a valley of delicate beauty and perfect serenity set against a backdrop of soaring Tibetan mountains. To Movie Producer Ross Hunter, Shangri-La is Burbank, Calif. The mountain range is only 600 ft. long (not bad by studio standards) and made of plaster; in Hollywood, serenity is a realm that lies only beyond the fourth martini or the third joint. Otherwise, Hunter's Shangri-La—the set for a new musical version of Hilton's novel—has it all over the novel, as well as Frank Capra's 1937 black-and-white Ronald Colman tearjerker.

The four-acre set cost \$500,000—more than some entire movies in today's budget-squeezed Hollywood. Next to the plaster mountains are two 40-ft. waterfalls, four glistening pools, and an 80-ft.-high Greco-Roman-Byzantine-Gothic-Sung-Khmer Lamasery that owes more to Hilton the hotelier than Hilton the novelist. "It's like having a dream you can walk into any time you want to," gushes one of the Columbia Pictures secretaries who spend their lunch hours or coffee breaks on the set trying to catch glimpses of a cast that includes Charles Boyer, John Gielgud, Peter Finch, Sally Kellerman and Liv Ullmann, Ingmar Bergman's most famous female star.

Plaster dreams for people to walk into are Hunter's stock in trade, and a very profitable trade it is, too. In the past 20 years, his 45 movies have grossed countless millions; one of them alone, the 1969 *Airport*, has grossed \$45 million, according to *Variety*, making it the fourth-ranking moneymaker in Hollywood history. Though he is only 51, Hunter is the apostle of the old big-budget Hollywood, and he would be properly mortified if anyone saw any social relevance in such Hunter-produced films as *The Magnificent Obsession*, *Pillow Talk* and the various *Tammies* (*Tammy Tell Me True*, etc.). "What I

offer people is escape," he says. "I have never in my life made a picture to please me. Can you imagine that I'd make a film like *Tammy* for me?"

Well, yes. An affinity for schlock like Hunter's must be sincere. Except for a few million dollars and an opulent house in Trousedale, overlooking Beverly Hills, he has changed little from the movie-struck kid who ushered at Lowe's Park Theater in Cleveland 30 years ago.

Golden Hair. The son of a real estate man, Hunter grew up to become briefly a high school English teacher. His girl students were so dazzled by his golden-haired good looks that they sent him pictures to a Hollywood movie agent. Improbable as it sounds, a contract resulted, and Hunter starred in 26 B-grade flicks, each one, he recalls, "as forgettable as the next, mostly because I was a horrible actor."

Emboldened by the 1,000 fan letters he received a week, which he kept in, under and around his bed, he asked to be upgraded to bigger budgets. Columbia assigned him to an undersea feature, first insisting that he be given a precautionary penicillin shot. The result was an almost fatal case of penicillin poisoning. After a year he recovered, to find that his contract was up and neither Columbia nor any other studio wanted his meager acting talents. His friend Ann Sheridan counseled him: "You're an organizer. Learn your trade." She got him a job as a dialogue director at Universal, and Hunter did the rest, mainly through demonic work and an intuitive grasp of the dictum, attributed to H.L. Mencken, that no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public.

Hunter is a bachelor who seems unlikely to marry (although he has been dating Nancy Sinatra, Frank's former wife, for six years). More than most producers, he makes the movie set his home and tries to create a family atmosphere among his cast and crew. He shows up almost every day for shooting, lavishing kisses, hugs, flowers and praise on al-

PRODUCER ROSS HUNTER ON SET OF MUSICAL "LOST HORIZON"



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most everybody in sight. To ensure Dean Martin's wandering interest during the shooting of *Airport*, he installed a putting green on the set. To prevent another star, a lusty, hard-drinking grande dame, from straying during the shooting of another film, he supplied her with a steady stream of Scotch and, if he is to be believed, a steady stream of handsome young men.

Once his pictures are released, Hunter often goes to neighborhood theaters where they are playing and buttonholes people at intermission to see what they think of them. Sometimes he sells tickets at the box office so that he can find out why people came to the movie in the first place. Whenever he has the time, he sits in the audience to gauge reactions, often crying during the more maudlin scenes. "One way I know I'm in trouble," he says, "is if the audience is laughing when I'm crying." From the looks of things, *Lost Horizon* should make them both laugh.

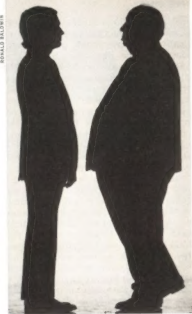
The Cavett Crusade

By their followings ye shall know the talk-show hosts. When CBS canceled Merv Griffin's nightly program last December, Merv's late-night fans seemed barely ruffled. When Westinghouse dropped David Frost in May the Frost constituency kept its cool. But when ABC announced in April that Dick Cavett would get the ax unless his ratings improved by July 28, Cavett's admirers raised a howl of protest that was immediate, loud and long. At stake, they charged with some justice, was the last haven of wit and urbanity in the wilderness of late-night network TV.

Early in the Cavett crusade, maverick FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, a frequent guest on the show, telephoned Cavett from Washington to ask how he could help. Soon sponsors began to rally round. "The Cavett show is an outstanding buy that delivers a quality audience," wrote Hormel Marketing Director Thomas Purcell in a letter to ABC. "The general ratings really don't mean that much. What counts is the people the show is reaching."

Ralph Nader, another frequent guest, made Cavett one of his innumerable causes. "There are," said Nader, "a lot of people in this country who have a lot of valuable things to say for whom the *Dick Cavett Show* is a principal opportunity for expression." Meanwhile the ABC mailrooms have been deluged with 30,000 letters from viewers around the country. Last week one of ABC's affiliates, WMAL-TV in Washington, ran an ad in the *Washington Post* urging viewers to write in giving their reasons why the Cavett show is "too important to be canceled."

In the face of all this, ABC in a sense remains less interested in the opinion of the many than of the few—the members of the 1,200 families that the A.C. Nielsen Co., the organization that charts TV ratings, has selected as a represen-



CAVETT & HITCHCOCK IN SILHOUETTE
Too important to be canceled.

tative national sample. By Nielsen's rating, which is probably as accurate as any such poll, Cavett still runs a poor third to Johnny Carson on NBC and network movies on CBS, drawing 13% of the country's insomniac audience—or about 2,170,000 households—compared with 32% for Carson and 27% for the movies. But his audience has grown substantially since ABC's April ultimatum. In a few cities, in fact, he seems to have done astonishingly well; in Washington, for example, his audience has almost doubled.

The general improvement is partly a result of better promotion by ABC, which, until April, was niggardly in buying newspaper ads and in plugging the show on its own air time. In addition, Cavett has worked to line up stronger guests—notably Jack Paar in two refreshing 90-minute appearances and Alfred Hitchcock in another—and he himself seems to have gained in confidence, becoming looser and brighter. Says Cavett: "There's a consciousness that every minute has to count and that every utterance is under scrutiny."

The scrutiny is particularly severe from managers of ABC's affiliate stations. In a recent series of regional meetings with network executives, more than half the managers advised ABC to drop the show.

What ABC and its affiliates seem to overlook is that not only Cavett and Nielsen but the whole ratings system is once again on trial. Cavett's literate charm could probably never match the broad appeal of Carson's accomplished vaudeville or woo away the diehard movie buffs. But should he have to? If he cannot, should the more than 3,200,000 viewers who want his brand of intelligent alternative programming be summarily disfranchised?

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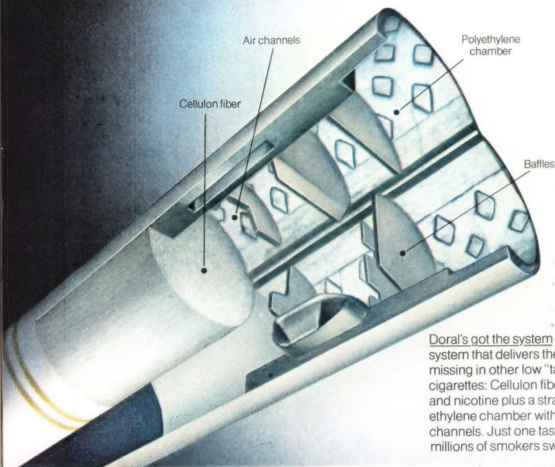


"I surfaced and presented my beautiful wife with the sea's rarest treasure—a genuine pearl oyster. Not bad, I thought, for a guy who didn't even qualify for the high school swimming team.



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